Mecklenburg Jeffersonian.

JOSEPH W. HAMPTON, ——— "The powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the People of the United States, may be resumed by them, whenever perverted to their injury or oppression."—*Madison.* ——— Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME 2, } CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL 19, 1842. { NUMBER 58.

TERMS:

The "*Mecklenburg Jeffersonian*" is published weekly, at *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, if paid in advance; or *Three Dollars*, if not paid before the expiration of THREE MONTHS from the time of subscribing. Any person who will procure *six* subscribers and become responsible for their subscriptions, shall have a copy of the paper gratis;—or, a club of *ten* subscribers may have the paper one year for *Twenty Dollars* in advance.

No paper will be discontinued while the subscriber owes any thing, if he is able to pay;—and a failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue at least ONE MONTH before the expiration of the time paid for, will be considered a new engagement.

Original Subscribers will not be allowed to discontinue the paper before the expiration of the first year without paying for a full year's subscription.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted at *One Dollar* per square for the first insertion, and *Twenty-five Cents* for each continuance—except Court and other judicial advertisements, which will be charged *twenty-five per cent.* higher than the above rates, (owing to the delay, generally, attendant upon collections). A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Letters to the Editor, unless containing money in sums of *Five Dollars*, or over, must come free of postage, or the amount paid at the office here will be charged to the writer, in every instance, and collected as other accounts.

Weekly Almanac for April, 1842.

DAYS.	SUN RISE	SUN SET.	MOON'S PHASES.	D.	H.	M.
19 Tuesday,	5 27	6 33				
20 Wednesday,	5 26	6 34				
21 Thursday,	5 25	6 35	Last Quarter,	2	1	25 E.
22 Friday,	5 24	6 36	New Moon	10	5	9 E.
23 Saturday,	5 23	6 37	First Quarter,	18	1	12 M.
24 Sunday,	5 21	6 39	Full Moon,	24	6	8 E.
25 Monday.	5 20	6 40				

Dr. Pinckney C. Caldwell

WOULD inform such of his friends as desire his professional services, that he has removed his Office to Mr. Johnson's brick house, two doors above the "Carolina Inn," where he may be found at all times, unless necessarily absent.

Charlotte, February 8, 1842. 48...f

☞ REMOVAL. ☜

Dr. J. M. Happoldt

HAS removed to the Office directly opposite Maj. Joseph Smith's Hotel, where he may be found by his friends and the public, and consulted at all times, unless professionally engaged.

☞ A report has been industriously circulated for *effect*, relative to his charges. They have been pronounced extravagant. He takes this opportunity to state to the public, that he holds himself ready at any time to compare charges, and weigh his service with any of the Faculty. He wishes it to be distinctly understood, that his CHARGES *shall in all cases be* REASONABLE.

Jan. 4, 1842. 43...tf

Alexander Bethune,

TAILOR,

RESPECTFULLY tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of Charlotte and the public in general, for the liberal patronage he has received; and hopes by strict attention to business to continue to merit a liberal share of public patronage. He has now several first rate workmen employed and has just received his Spring and Summer Fashions. He will warrant *good fits* on all occasions.

Orders from a distance will meet with prompt attention. His shop will be found in the North-East wing of Mr. Leroy Springs' brick building.

Charlotte, April 12, 1842. 57...f

Coach Making.

THE Subscribers having entered into copartnership, will carry on the above business in all its various branches, at the old stand formerly owned by Mr. Carter Crittenden, opposite the Jail.—All work WARRANTED;—and Repairing done at the shortest notice, for moderate charges.

CHARLES OVERMAN,
JOSHUA TROTTER.

Charlotte, June 15, 1841. 12m

Stray Mules.

STRAYED from me, at this place, on the 17th inst., three Brown MULES. I will liberally reward any person that will bring them to me, or give information so that I can get them.

☞ A quantity of Bacon and Lard for sale.

J. B. HERRIFORD.

Charlotte, N. C., March 27, 1842.

N. B. I, or my agent, will be found at Col. M. W. Alexander's Hotel.

Last Call!

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to me by note, that their papers are placed in the hands of Col. Jno. W. Potts, and all those who do not call on him and settle before April Court next, may calculate on paying cost "to a dead certainty." Having purchased land, I am compelled to make this call for money.

WM. G. POTTS.

January 4, 1842. 43...tc

EXHIBITION CHAIR FACTORY

JOB PRINTING.

WE are prepared at this Office with a handsome supply of Fancy Type, to execute all kinds of

Job-Printing

in a very superior style, and at short notice. Oders will be thankfully received.

Jeffersonian Office, Charlotte, March 9, 1841.

Important Sale of Valuable Town Property

WILL positively be sold, at the April Court, all my property, real and personal, consisting of the well known

Public House,

Situated near the Courthouse;—several improved and unimproved LOTS;—my home TRACT OF LAND, lying in a beautiful and healthy section of the County;—several other tracts and parcels of LAND;—all my

Household and Kitchen Furniture, Stock *of* all kinds, some valuable

NEGROES,

Including one house servant BOY of very superior qualifications in a public house, together with various other property.

Persons disposed to purchase property will do well to attend, as the sale will be positive, and will commence on Monday, (April 25th,) and continue from day to day until all is sold. Terms,—*Cash* or Bank acceptances.

M. W. ALEXANDER, Jr.

Charlotte, N. C., April 5, 1842. 56...ts

The Bankrupt Law

IS in operation since the 1st instant, and the subscriber has received several applications for his professional aid. He is about to engage his services, and is willing to increase the number of applications, which will diminish the expense to the applicants.

The District Court of the United States has sole jurisdiction in all matters and proceedings in Bankruptcy, which for this District, (Cape Fear,) sits at Wilmington, and all Petitions are referred by the order of Judge POTTER to that Court, which next sits on the 2nd of May next.

All persons owing debts and wishing to avail themselves of the benefit of this act, and of the services of the undersigned, will apply early; with an accurate list of their creditors, the residence and amount due each creditor, together with an accurate inventory of all their property, rights and credits of every kind and description, and the location and situation of said property.

Application can be made either in person, or by mail, post paid, to the subscriber; who can always be found at his office in Charlotte. He will, however, be at the next Superior Courts of Cabarrus and Lincoln.

JOHN H. WHEELER,
Atto. at Law.

Charlotte, Feb. 15, 1842. 50...f

☞ The Lincoln Republican will please copy 3 weeks.

Law Notice.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in offering his professional services to the citizens of Western North Carolina, and solicits their friendly patronage in the practice of Law and Equity, in the following Courts, viz: Cabarrus, Mecklenburg, Lincoln, Iredell, Burke, Yancey, Buncombe, Henderson, Rutherford, and Cleveland. He further assures the public, that his whole time will hereafter be devoted exclusively to the profession of Law, and that a strict attention to his client's interests shall be given, and a regular attendance in the above Courts may be confidently expected. Those who have hitherto confided their interests to his keeping, will please accept this as a tender of his highest regard and best thanks for their disinterested friendship. His office and residence is in Lincolnton, where he will be pleased to receive any communications addressed to him, in his professional line of business.

BALIS M. EDNEY.

January 28, 1842. 48...f

Daniel Dennis.

THIS celebrated *Jack* will stand every other week at the stables of the subscribers, (commencing at Lewis Dinkins,') and will be let to mares at the following rates, viz: Three Dollars the single leap, to be paid at the time of service; Five Dollars the Season, and Seven Dollars to insure a mare to be with colt. Trading the mare in every instance, forfeits the insurance. He is young and thought to be equal if not superior to any Jack that has ever stood in this country.

Season to commence the 10th of March and end the 10th of July.

JOHN M. POTTS.
LEWIS DINKINS.

March 5, 1842. 50...tf.

A few Good Things Yet, AND More Expected.

THE Proprietor of the "CONCORD COFFEE-HOUSE" would inform his customers and the public generally, that his Stock of GROCERIES, and fancy articles to tickle the palate, is yet quite full, and he respectfully invites all to give him a call and be their own judge.

He would also state, that he expects in a short time to receive the most splendid and choice Stock of articles in his line ever brought to this region o country, when he will be fully prepared to please the taste of the most fastidious.

F. R. ROUECHE.

Concord, N. C., Dec. 28, 1841. 12...y

Taken Up,

AND committed to the Jail of this county, on the 27th of September last, a Negro man, about 20 years of age, round full face, smooth forehead, thick lips, and flat nose, five feet 7 or 8 inches high, with a scar on the fore finger of the left hand, made, he says, by a cutting knife. The owner is requested to come forward, prove proporty, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs.

T. N. ALEXANDER, Sheriff.

Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 19, 1841. 32...f

Blank Warrants for sale here.

DR. C. J. FOX

Has just received a large and general assortment of

MEDICINES,

Drugs, Paints, Oils,

Dye-Stuffs, Perfumery, Thompsonian Medicines, Wines and Spirits for medical use,

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,

And a variety of other articles, all of which he warrants genuine, and will sell low for *cash*.

Charlotte, April 27, 1840. 8....f

DRY GOODS CROCKERY

☞ Cheap Goods, *For the Cash only!*

ALL persons that wish to buy Goods cheap, will find it to their interest to call on the subscriber before purchasing, as I am determined to sell as low as any Cash or Credit Store in town.

H. B. WILLIAMS.

Charlotte, Jan. 11, 1842. 44....tf

☞ All persons indebted to the subscriber, must pay up.

COTTON, AND Cotton-Yarn.

THE MILLEDGEVILLE COTTON FACTORY, (situated in Montgomery County, 22 miles east of Salisbury,) is now in full operation.—Those intimately acquainted with the Yarn of this Factory, prefer it to any manufactured in the State.

EDWARD BURAGE.

N. B.—The Subscriber wishes to procure about

FIVE HUNDRED BALES OF

COTTON,

(Of the best quality,) to be delivered at the Factory, which he will spin, either one half for the other, or at eight cents per pound.

EDWARD BURAGE.

December 7, 1841. 39...f

THE CULTIVATOR.

TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS

THE CULTIVATOR, (a consolidation of Buel's Cultivator and the Genesee Farmer,) a monthly periodical, designed "to Improve the Mind and the Soil," and "to Elevate the Standing and Character of the Cultivators of the American Soil." WILLIS GAYLORD and LUTHER TUCKER, Editors. Published at Albany, (N. Y.) by Luther Tucker, Proprietor, at One Dollar per annum—Six Copies for Five Dollars—20 per cent. commission on twenty-five or more subscribers—25 per cent. on one hundred or more. All subscribers to commence with a volume. All payments to be made free of postage. ☞ The paper can be furnished from its commencement—Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4 at 50 cents each; and Vols. 5, 6, 7, and 8, at $1,00 each.

The publisher of the Cultivator has the pleasure of presentig to the friends of the Agriculture in the United States, the prospectus of a new volume (the 9th, commencing January 1, 1842,) of that periodical. This paper is so well known in every part of the country, as to render a recapitulation of its objects and contents, generally, unnecessary. The range and variety of its articles—its list of contributors, (embracing the most distinguished agriculturists in every section of the Union,) unrivalled in numbers as well as in scientific and practical skill—the superiority of its mechanical execution, and the unequalled number, rich variety and superior beauty of its illustrations, embracing in the last two volumes about

Two Hundred Engravings,

representing the improved breeds of

Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine, Buildings, Implements, &c.,

and on every subject connected with agriculture, have contributed to render it a favorite with all classes interested in the cultivation of the soil, and given it a circulation hitherto unknown among the agricultural periodicals of the country—amounting to about

Twenty-Two Thousand!

Grateful for the evry favorable consideration the work has received and the extensive patronage awarded, the publisher would state that NO EFFORTS OR EXPENSE will be spared to give *new* and *increased* interest to the volume for 1842 It is intended to devote a larger portion of the work, (at least *one page* monthly,) to the subjects of GARDENING and the ORCHARD; and to enlarge the department devoted to DOMESTIC AND RURAL ECONOMY, and to the DISEASES OF ANIMALS, so as to render them as useful as possible to *all classes of our citizens.* To accomplish this, arrangements have been made as will place within our reach all European periodicals and publications important in agricultual and veterinary matters, and they will be made available in such a manner, as, in every respect, to render the Cultivator worthy the patronage it has received, and make it, all things considered, the

CHEAPEST AND BEST AGRICULTURAL PAPER

ever published in this or any other country.

Post-masters and all those kind friends who have heretofore with so much liberality and patriotism, as well as those who wish to "elevate the standing and character of the cultivators of the American Soil," are respectfully invited to use their influence in promoting its circulation by acting as agents in their respective neighborhoods.

Any gentleman wishing to obtain the Cultivator, has only to hand his dollar to the Postmaster of his neighborhood, who will forward it to the publisher free of expense.

LUTHER TUCKER,
Albany, December, 1841. Publisher of the Cultivator.

☞ Notice.

ALL those indebted to the late firm of Bethune & Johnson, (it being closed Jan. 1st, 1842,) are requested to settle the same by cash or by note before April Court, as the books must be closed.—Those failing so to do, will find their accounts in the hands of an officer.

ALEX. BETHUNE,
PETER JOHNSON.

Charlotte, April 12, 1842. 57...3t

Skins!—Skins!!—Skins!!!

THE subscribers offer for sale at their House, back of J. B. Kerr's Hotel,

Deer Skins dressed with hair.
" " " without hair.
" " " Buff.
Bear " "
Sheep " " with wool.
" " " without wool.

Coon and Otter Skins dressed, which they offer for sale cheap for CASH, or in exchange for other raw Skins.

ADAM SILER,
MARTIN FYRNISELL.

Charlotte, Feb. 24, 1842. 51...tf

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

PERSONS who have filed the first Volume of the "*Mecklenburg Jeffersonian*," (just completed) and wish it bound, will please hand in their orders to the subscriber, and they shall be executed neatly and without delay.

WM. HUNTER.

March 8, 1842.

THE CONCORD Manufacturing Company

IS now in full operation, and the Company are prepared to supply all orders with Cotton Yarn, Domestic Shirtings, and Drillings of a superior quality, and on reasonable terms as can be had in any Southern Market.

N. B. Also a large quantity of Nails, at the low rate of seven cents per lb for cash.

ROBT. ALLISON, Clerk.
For Concord Manufacturing Co.

Concord, N. C., April 5th, 1842. 57...3m

A Good Turn.—A poor fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply: "I never make a practice of doing such things." The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by and whom he had known in better days, saying "Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?" "Certainly," was the reply. The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him. He took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it and replaced the glass with evident satisfaction, he turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence and said—"Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe you: I make it a point, degraded as I am, to pay borrowed money before I pay a rum-seller."—*N. Y. Mechanic*

"Come Tommy, give us one of those Tippecanoe songs that you sung so well last year," said a gentleman the other day, to a musical little chap. "I musn't sir," replied Tommy—"Father says Tippecanoe's dead—and if he catches me singing "Tyler too," he'll lick me like blazes."

"Pat," said the captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who used sometimes to sleep twenty-four hours in succession, "how do you contrive to sleep so long?" "How?" said Pat, "why, I pay *attintion* to it"

Dutch Justice.—JUSTICE: Brisoner! be you guildy or not guildy?

PRISONER: Guilty, your worship.

JUSTICE: Sigs monts in der hause of correction. Tudder brisoner. Pe you guildy or not guildy?

PRISONER: Not guilty.

JUSTICE: Den vat der duyvel did you come here for? Go 'bout your business. Court's oop! Shentlemen, let's go over to Ike Hagerman's and dake something warm for de stomach's sake!

A man recently received a polite note from a neighbor, (whose children were going on a visit,) requesting the loan of an ass for a few days. Being unable to decipher his friend's hieroglyphics, and wishing to conceal his ignorance from the servant, he hastily returned this answer: "Very well, tell your master I'll wait upon him myself presently."

ABSURDITIES.

To attempt to borrow money on a plea of poverty. To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk and complain next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings in liquor and wonder that you are ragged. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November. To suppose that the reviewers generally read more than the title page of the works they praise or condemn. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because it is not bed time. To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To render a man a service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it. To expect to make people honest by hardening them in jail, and afterwards send them adrift without the means of getting work. To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to a hospital. To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief. To degrade human nature in the hope of improving it. To praise the beauty of a woman's hair, before you know whether it did not once belong to somebody else. To expect that your trades people will give you long credit, if they generally see you in shabby clothes. To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity your fellow creatures may be guilty of.—To attempt the collection of newspaper dues by advertising that you are in want of money to pay debts—true as it surely is.

The Right of Search.

From the Washington Globe.

THE LONG MEDITATED BRITISH ENCROACHMENT.

It is matter of pride with the Democracy that General *Cass*—the only minister of the country abroad appointed by the late Administration—has so successfully interposed to arrest the consummation of that *Christain League*, which England has been so assiduous in contriving, mainly with a view to gain the object which originated our last war with that power. The right of search asserted by England over American ships, involves in it the right of impressment, which she prosecuted with such obstinacy throughout her last protracted, gigantic struggle, to maintain what she considers *her dominion of the seas.* The impossibility of distinguishing American citizens from English subjects—taken in connection with the British doctrine that the subjects of England cannot expatriate themselves, and are liable to seizure wherever found—once constantly resulted in the capture of American citizens, whenever a British officer found himself master on the deck of any American vessel. When it is known that so soon as the want of sailors is felt in the British navy, press gangs are let loose throughout England to kidnap sailors for the service, can it be expected that she will respect the rights of American seamen, whom her right of search may put in her power, having the pretext of seizing them as deserters, when she does not regard the most sacred rights of her own seamen, on her own soil, and within the jurisdiction of the judicial tribunal bound to protect them in their liberty? Our distressing experience proves that it is not to be hoped for. Thousand, of brave tars of the Union were impressed by England and before the late war, were subjected to her lash, and made to fight her battles against the French, and afterwards against their own country. There is no security against this violation of the law of nations and humanity, nor against the wanton detention of our merchant ships, the breaking up of their cargoes, and the ruin of our commerce, but in the absolute exclusion of English jurisdiction, however modified, form every spot, whether by sea or land, over which that of the United States exists, and which is so essential at sea, to preserve American rights, there most peculiarly accessible to British usurpation.

It is fortunate for the country, that after Mr. *Stevenson*, who so ably confronted *Lord Aberdeen's* Christian League, was supplanted in the English mission by Mr. *Everett*, General *Cass* remained at Paris to vindicate the principle which the nation passed through the sacrifices of a bloody war to sustain. To him we are indebted for the bold stand taken at Paris, which has summoned the whole power of the French Chamber to resist the ratification of the coalition treaty.

We have no doubt, from the tenor of an article which we give below from the Journal des Debats, that the King of France heartily concurs in feeling with the French Chamber, and hence the ratification has been suspended against the wishes of the French Minister, *Guizot.* The Journal des Debats is known to be the special organ of *Louis Phillippe.* Upon a matter of such exciting interest, it is certain that this print would not hazard such a decisive expression of opinion on its own responsibility. It is evidently intended to explain the conduct of the Government in declining to ratify the treaty. The article is, in fact, as clear an expression of the King's views as if he expressed them in a message to the Chambers, although not official and obligatory.

The article from the Journal des Debats throws light on the difficulties shadowed forth on the remarks in Parliament by *Lord Aberdeen* and Mr. *Peel*, and in the Tory organ, the London Times.

The London Times of Febuary 19th, has the following on this subject:

"Our correspondent communicates in addition to a fact which, if any doubt could be entertained of the candor and *loyante* of the French Government, would bear a suspicious appearance. He states that a letter in the nature of a protest against the ratification of the treaty by France had been presented to the Minister for Foreign Affairs (M. Guizot) by General Cass.

"The American Minister in Paris, General Cass, says our correspondent, states in that document, that it being indisputable that under color of the treaty in question, England would pretend to a right to board and search American vessels, and that as the President of the United States had formally declared such proceeding could not in any case, nor under any pretext, be permitted, war would necessarily follow any such outrage. That in such case all the parties to such treaty would be regarded by America as participating in the guilt of the power which should actually thus assail American independennce. That he (General Cass) therefore called upon the French Government to pause ere it committed itself to a treaty which might result in a war between France and the United States."

"That which would, but for our trust in the good faith of the French Government in this transaction, appear suspicious, is that having already been informed that the French Government would not ratify the treaty, here comes opportunely a representation which that Government might use as an excuse for pausing (as General Cass recommends) ere it ratifies a treaty from which, as the American Minister predicts, might flow all the evils of war. The main facts are, however, all that we can fairly deal with at present, and these are, that within three days of the expiration of the two months allowed for the ratification of the treaty, the French Government, a party to it, had not yet ratified it, and that the American Minister in Paris protests against its ratification. With the American Minister's proceeding, we find no fault. He acts, we suppose, on the view taken of the matter by himself and his Government; but the French Ministry will, by their refusal to ratify a treaty to which France is a party, commit an error which we sincerely pray may not lead to unpleasant results:"

From the Journal des Debats.

PARIS, February 2, 1842.

Under the title of "An examination of the question now in discussion between American and Brit-

ish Governments concerning the rights of search," a citizen of the United States whom we believe to be Gen. Cass, the American Minister to Paris, has put forth a work which does honor to the enlightened patriotism of the author. It is a production characterized by strong good sense, and a moderation unusual in such discussions where the national pride is concerned. On this subject our readers are apprised, a controversy has long been pending between England and the United States. The former, refusing to acknowledge the rights of neutrals, and arrogantly claiming the sovereignty of the seas, frequently violated the American flag from the year 1801 to 1821. She asserted the right of searching American vessels, among which ships of war were included, and of impressing sailors therefrom. During a profound peace, the United States frigate *Chesapeake* was insultingly boarded, after being attacked and compelled to yield by superior force. Large numbers of American sailors were seized and transferred from merchant vessels of the United States on the ocean, under pretence that they were Englishmen—at least had been, or appeared to be. War ensued and continued for three years. When peace was finally concluded at Ghent, the English Ministry refused to abandon any of the grounds they had assumed against neutrals. The Americans, on their side, sacrificed none of the rights to which they had laid claim. This resembled rather an armistice than a peace. The armistice has continued, however, for twenty-seven years, though the question is still open between the two countries. They stand apparently in the relations of courteous and friendly intercourse towards each other, though in reality of mutual doubt and distrust.

In the mean time, England, through a laudable philanthropy, (it is impossible for us to impute motives of a different character,) having proposed the abolition of slavery, or at least of the slave trade, urges the United States to consent to a treaty which will establish the perpetual right of mutual search, and thereby lead to the total suppression of this abominable traffic in human beings. Assuming a tone quite modest for her, she declared in the beginning that she demanded only the simple right "to act as constables in boarding suspicious vessels bearing the American flag." But she now actually holds up, or at least supposed that she would be authorized to do so in a short time, before the United States, the assent of the four other great powers of Europe. With this imposing unanimity, which, however, as it seems to us, the late vote of the Chamber of Deputies has completely nullified, she assumes this right as being now one of the irreclaimable articles of the code of nations. She even speaks haughtily of enforcing it. The United States are told that "they have already tried a war with England alone, and that a war on their part with all Europe would indeed be a novelty." On this point, the leading Journals and the statesmen of England have strangely deceived themselves. France will never consent to become a party to any coalition against the United States. We have heard this lately proclaimed from the tribune by M. Guizot himself.

The argument by which the author of the pamphlet now under review resists the pretensions of the English Ministry to impose upon North America, by authority, a treaty adopted by the European powers, is marked by great force of reasoning. He enumerates all the grave consequences involved in such an interpretation of the law of nations. He opposes to the doctrine proclaimed by Lord Palmerston, and adopted with some reservation in terms at least by his successor, the opinion of the English Admiralty Judge, Lord Stowell, which is thus expressed: "No nation can exercise a right of visitation and search upon the common and unappropriated parts of the ocean, except upon the belligerant claim. No nation has the righ to force them away for the liberation of Africa by trampling upon the independence of other states on the pretence of an eminent good, by means that are unlawful, or to press forward to a great principle, by breaking through other great principles which stand in their way." He likewise cites the opinion of Lord Wellington, which is stamped with the high authority of his usual good sense. He exposes clearly, to the advantage of every nation, the dangers which would ensue from a concession of this claim to Great Britain, even upon grounds of reciprocity. This reciprocity would be from the commencement altogether nominal. In fact, it would amount to an acknowledgment of English supremacy on the seas, since it would be found in practice that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it would be her cruisers which would search the vessels of other nations. This would result in a supremacy without limits, for the English nation is the most rapacious and grasping on the globe. This *penchant*, we acknowledge, has enabled her to extend the dominion of civilization to all parts of the world. To this fact Gen. Cass likewise offers a willing testimony and applause. But to the civilized nations with whom she comes in contact, this disposition to stretch out indefinitely her influence and authority becomes vexatious and dangerous in the extreme. To no nation would the homely old adage, "*give* her an inch and she will take an ell," so exactly apply. *The Times* indeed confesses this, when ingenuously avowing "that the law would work its own way." The English indeed possess many noble traits of character, combined with high intellectual powers; but they are remarkable for excessive selfishness and *hauteur*. They are entirely persuaded that the laws and customs of England are incomparably superior to all others, it matters not where their steps may wander, or how limited their opportunity of judging. In fact, they take but very slight pains to smother or conceal these sentiments in their official conduct. An arbitrary habit is engendered among the English officers by the manner of recruiting their navy; and an English paper, the *Sun* admits that they do not scruple to assume the habits towards other nations.

The right of search once admitted, General Cass doubts not the world will see those scenes of violence rapidly renewed, which for twenty years, at the close of the last century and the commencement of this, were enacting on the whole extent of the ocean. We shall hear again, as in the days of the Empire, continued complaints of hatches broken up, cargoes overhauled, valuble goods damaged, and many articles taken away without permission and without compensation. Surely every honorable officer would deprecate these excesses; but where might makes right, it is not easy to detect or punish the transgressor. Thus, step by step, "the law working its own way," the right of search would eventuate in the establishment of a maritime despotism—a despotism which no man can see the end of; for we all know with what indomitable vigor and perseverance England strives to maintain and defend her usurpations. The probable consequences of an admission of the right of search, are shown by General Cass, by a clear and forcible induction. He considers them to be grave and imminent; and affirms, moreover, that America is fully resolved to resist the claim at all hazards, even though the issue should be *war*. Whilst bringing prominently into view the impressment of sailors, which thus becomes once more, as it was thirty years ago, a subject of controversy, and upon which England obstinately refuses to give the United States any satisfaction, he makes this remark, which deserves the serious consideration of every European: "An American at home or in Europe may boldly predict that the first man seized on board a vessel of his own country, and detained, under pretence of right, by order of the British Government, will be the instant signal of a war:—a war which will be long, bloody, and fruitful in vicissitudes."

Notwithstanding all this, the United States are far from wishing to protect, directly or indirectly, the infamous traffic of this trade. No nation has passed more laws to suppress it, or been more solicitous to have them enforced. In fact, not a slave now is ever brought from Africa to the United States. Gen Cass does not, however, think any argument hopeless on which the right of search might be based under certain limitations and guarantees. But at no price would he be willing to enter into a stipulation which could be construed into an acknowledgment of the doctrine of impressment. According to him, the United States would neither know how to restrain this doctrine, or lay down rules by which to govern it. It is scarcely even permissible to discuss the point, since a good citizen should never bring the national independence into discussion. The United States will only rest satisfied with a general declaration from the British Government that their flag shall protect their seamen at all times, and under all circumstances. If England would thus explicitly renounce her extravagant pretensions, it is believed that some satisfactory arrangement may be made, which would insure the full co-operation of the United States with the great powers of Europe in the suppression of the slave trade. General Cass notices, as worthy of attention, an idea lately started by a London Journal, that the cruisers of each nation should always sail with an officer of the opposite navy on board. This officer is alone to exercise the right of visiting the vessels of his own country. The independence of both nations would, in this manner, remain inviolate.

In fine, if both parties consent to approach this grave subject in a true spirit of conciliation, with a sincere respect for all national rights, we apprehend no difficulty in coming to terms. The object of pursuit can be attained without wounding the dignity of either nation, without subjecting the *bunting* of either to affront, to use the expression applied by Lord Palmerston in one of his fits of arrogance, to a sacred object, the national flag.

General Cass protests against any concession of a nature to compromise the sovereignty of his county; but once satisfied on that head, nothing more could be desired. On this point, his sentiments are such as all generous men ought to avow for their country; and every Frenchman to whom the national honor is dear, will thank him for having so well sustained a cause which is that of the civilized world, and which France will never consent to surrender.

From the North Carolina Standard.

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN M. MOREHEAD.

SIR: As in the last canvass you denounced what you then charged as the grossest acts of extravagance against those who administered the Government; so I presume in the coming campaign, you will point to the evidences of economy and reform, of your "Whig" friends, in whose behalf you ventured to promise so much to the country. To prepare you thus to go before the people with facts, and not mere assertions, allow me to call your attention to some matters which are to be found in the reports which have been made public by the present Congress. For remember, sir, when you shall again appear before the people, you will be expected not to repeat your general charges and inflamatory denunciations, but tell us what has been done to relieve the country from these acts of oppression, which, according to your former logic, had ground the people into dust. How these burdens have been removed, which then weighed so heavily upon the community. Then, we were informed the times were dreadfully hard and oppressive. If they have been made softer, or grown more tolerable, you, no doubt, will be prepared to inform us of it. For, I assure you, if they be so, the country is entirely ignorant of it. Times are as hard, produce as low, money as scarce, and as bad too, as they were two years ago. Such is the general opinion through the country. And what is of more importance for you to know, is the fact, that it is the general impression, if these matters are to be made better, it must be brought about by something different from any thing which your "Whig" friends have either done or attempted to do. Your party has now been in power more than twelve months, and have had the command of both our State and National Legislatures. If any thing was done by the last General Assembly for the relief or benefit of the country, you doubtless will be prepared to show it. But it was the acts of the General Government, from which you promised so much to the country. Here, too, you will find yourself most wofully at fault, when you shall come to enumerate the great "Whig" measures of relief and reform, about which you used to descant so eloquently. It will be amusing indeed to hear you, when you shall reach this part of your subject. I can well imagine and even hear the loud applause with which you will be greeted by your admiring friends, when you shall touch upon these interesting matters. I now fancy you before a large audience of your countrymen, and hear you point with triumph to the relief acts of the Extra Session of Congress. You can, indeed, point to that holy act of universal relief, the Bankrupt Law, which constitutes one of the greatest items in your releif measures, and which has enabled so many gambling political speculators to free themselves from their engagements, as well as the little cross-road debtors, from the grasp of the constable's *ca. sa.*; and who hereafter are to be set free from their contracts with the honest farmers of the country by whom they had been trusted. So you can boast of the relief which has been extended to the poor man, as well as to the rich, by the additional taxes which have been imposed on the common necessaries of life. You can boast, too, of the relief which has been afforded to our sister States so greatly indebted to the foreign creditor, for money borrowed and wasted in acts of extravagance, by distribution of the proceeds of the pulic lands; whilst the lands and other property of our own citizens have been pledged for the payment of the millions which have been borrowed or authorized in the creation of a national debt. Such are some of the great "Whig" measures of beneficence and relief, to which your Excellency will be enabled to refer with pride and effect. And if you should not find in the recital of the glorious labors of the Extra Session, enough wherewith to insult a deceived people, as to the manner in which your extravagant promises have been fulfilled, you can turn to what is now doing, and to what your friends are likely to do, during the present session of Congress. These are, indeed, unpleasant themes for a "Whig" orator, and I should really sympathize with you, for the mortification you are doomed to undergo, had I not witnessed some of the misrepresentations and shifts to which you were in the habit of resorting during your last campaign. You will recollect, too, you are not to meet with that generous and disinterested aid you received at the hands of your great orators in the west. That great log-cabin, hardcider champion, General *Edney*, if report be true, has retired from the field of poitics, having been disappointed in his efforts to obtain an office. So you know the gallant *Gaither* has taken up his abode to enjoy the shades of those "horse chesnuts" and the sweet-scented flowers, about which you once regaled us so lavishly. So too, a *Jones* and a *Bynum* have received their rewards, and being in office of course will not interfere in the politics of the country. You will pardon this digression, and suffer me to bring you back to some things, which I fear you may have forgotten or shall not find it convenient to remember. You will rememder—or if you should not, those who heard you will—the charge you so often repeated against Mr. Van Buren, that he had carried the expenditures up to 37 millions of dollars. For the truth of this assertion, when denied, you appealed to a garbled statement of "*Levi*," as you were so fond of calling the then Secretary of the Treasury. Will you now do justice to your hearers, when you shall again appear before the public, by taking with you Mr. Secretary Ewing's report, in which you will find, at page twenty-five, a statement of the actual expenses of the four years of Mr. Van Buren's administration, exclusive of trust funds, &c., and from which it appears the highest year (1837) was $31,610,000, and the lowest (1840) $22,389,356? And you will find, in the same document, this expenditure, large as it was, did not keep pace with the appropriations made by Congress, which in the year 1837 exceeded thirty-four millions, for which your "Whig" friends generally voted. So, sir, I must remind you of what you over and again declared, that the expenditures of the Government ought, and under "Whig" rule would be brought down to *fifteen millions* a year. Has this been done, or is likely to be done? I shall not insult the public by an answer in the negative, but shall leave you to their contempt for hazarding such an assertion. For you will have read with shame and mortification, if you can be made to feel mortified for any of your unfounded assertions during your past campaign, that your is-to-be captain, Henry Clay, has advocated on the floor of Congress, that it will require twenty-six millions to meet the demands of the Government, twenty-four millions for ordinary and extraordinary expenditures, and two millions for the annual discharge of the public debt. What will you, or can you say to this? Acknowledge you were ignorant, or say you have been deceived by your friends, as they have exceeded your calculations only in the moderate sum of ten millions a year. You may, and no doubt will attempt to deceive and mislead by charging this upon the heavy debt left by the late administration. But that will not avail you, as the published documents show that debt not to exceed five millions and a half, which two years and a half of Mr. Clay's sinking fund would discharge.

But I promised to call your attention to some singular items of expenditure under the head of contingencies, as made by those great "Whig" reformers, the disbanded cabinet officers. They, as you know, were in office about six months, having entered on the fourth of March and gone out in September following. If you say the period was too short for your promised reform, they certainly might have avoided any abuses in the expenditure on new objects. You cannot have forgotton, your own complaints against Mr. Woodbury and those then in office, for such charges as "extra clerk hire," "newspapers," the great use by these clerks of "towels, soap, ice." Now, sir, if you will examine the reports made to the present session of Congress, of these contingent expenditures, you will find many items, for "temporary clerk hire," washing towels at the rates of some four or five dollars the month, "clerk hire," and strange to say, "office furniture" to an amount in one department exceeding four hundred dollars. So you will find in the State department other items that call for your especial denunciation—such as "articles for mourning for President, $176 87;—print of General Harrison, $5; extra train for President and suite, 5th April, $100; print of President Harrison, $10; do. of President Tyler, $8." Should you say these are the acts of Daniel Webster— then turn to the expenditures of Messrs. Secretaries Bell and Badger. And though you may not find *a barber's bill* for shaving the honorable Secretary of the Navy, you will think the public has been most successfully shaved. Please examine the report from the Navy, and see if you do not find, during Mr. Badger's six months' service' "*extra clerk hire*; washing towels; 2 portraits of President Tyler; 2 prints of President Harrison, $11 each." So in the War department, prints and portraits of Presidents Harrison and Tyler amounting to $52. This contingent fund is certainly very convenient, as it seems applicable to all objects. It reminds me of a story I heard told of a member of Congress, who directed the clerk to have a supply of Brandy for his daily drink at the House. On being asked under what head of expenditure it was to be charged, replied under that of *fuel*. So in the same report, you will find a free use made of *ice* by these great reformers, as had been by those who had gone before them. It may be, this word cools your own ardor, and possibly you will be restrained from talking hereafter so loudly about those "leeches," as you used to term the officholders, who were consuming the very substance of the people. And for fear you may be silent on this delicate subject, allow me to call your attention to some of your own contingent expenditures out of the thousand dollars appropriated by a "Whig" Legislature for furniture for your own palace. You will pardon me for copying some of the items from your account, for fear it may not be made public before the next General Assembly. If there be any mistake, then it will be in your power to correct it, by having a duly certified copy made public. Here it is, "errors excepted:"

"*John M. Morehead in account with the State of North Carolina*:

To cash rec'd for the purchase of furniture,	$1,000
By the erection of an *Ice House*,	$300
By 12 dozen Towels, - -	82
By one Bedstead, *French pattern*,	125 "
	$497

Now, whatever you may say, the public will think these are pretty serious items to be found in the account of one who, in seeking for office, made so much to do about small matters. To drop these small items for the present, I promise to bring to light a famous correspondence of yours with the Governor of a sister State, about a fugitive from justice. You understand me, do you not?

LONG TOM.

From the Fayetteville Carolinian.

MR. HENRY AND THE LAST WAR.

The political opponents of Mr. Henry, in the Western part of the State, are endeavoring to make the impression on the public mind, that he was opposed to the last war. On a former occasion, we corrected this false rumor, by publishing an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Henry in 1814, and for the same purpose, we republish the extract as the best refutation of this vile slander.

When war was declared agaist Great Britain, in 1812, Mr. Henry was not of age. His sentiments in regard to its vigorous prosecution, as seen in the subjoined extract from an oration delivered by him in Fayetteville, on the 4th of July, 1814, are *noble and patriotic*—they completely put down all the whig slanders of him on that subject. Such lofty and patriotic sentiments from a young man, just entering into life, argue the early and strong love of liberty which has marked Mr. Henry's maturer age.

But who are they that prefer this charge? What immaculate patriots are they who are falsely denouncing Mr. H. for opposition to the last war? They are men who land Daniel Webster to the skies—who voted for the man as President, who made Daniel Webster Secretary of State—Daniel Webster, who boldly, openly and vigorously opposed the last war—who voted in Congress against supplies for the American Army—who taunted his country with her misfortunes, and who uttered the *traitorous* sentiment, that "it did not become a moral and religious people to rejoice at the victories won by their countrymen." This Daniel Webster, who did all and every thing to oppose the war, and embarrass his country after war was declared, is now the Magnus Apollo of whiggery, the champion of their principles, and their prime minister.

But to the extract, it will speak for itself, and put to the blush, (if such a thing is possible,) those who are doing Mr. Henry gross injustice:

"But sufficient that our country's *honor* is at stake, and we, as freemen, are bound to defend it. Now! let no unhallowed tongue of traitor be heard among us. Let party distinction be hidden in the dust. The cause we fight for is a common cause. The liberty it achieves is as much the right of him who hangs over the plough, as him who is seated in authority. The duties it exacts all are bound to yield. We are, my friends, all Federalists, all Republicans. Our country's prosperity is the prosperity of every one of us; and he who will basely desert her in the hour of tribulation, let his name be obliterated from the book of our remembrance. As a nation, we ought to unite to establish a name among the nations of the earth, to shew the world we will *always repel* aggression on our rigts. As policy, we ought to unite to put an end to the war, (no matter how unjust in its cause, if such it be, or odious in its prosecution) else by division we prolong its calamities, and by the defeat of our armies reflect disgrace on our national character. I know there is a hope at this time indulged among you that the late happy changes in Europe will restore to you a peace. But my friends, "lay no such flattering unction to your souls," lest hope might liken you to the foolish Carthagenians at Cannæ, who lost *that* by inattention which necessity might have gained them. In war, we must seek peace at the mouths of our cannon. In peace we must avert war by a wise and virtuous legislation.

"This is the first serious war since our revolution, it therefore becomes us to show the firmness of union and valor, to protect us against insult in future. Whatever our conduct is now, it will have a great bearing upon our future happiness or misery as a nation. Sure we want not curage to the task! We have before measured swords with our adversary and foiled her in the field! The heights of Charlestown where the American eagle rode triumphant over the bloody onset of the revolution, and the plains of Princeton, where it sat perched upon the British standard, will ever testify the valor of Americans. Never! then let the curse of cowardice fall on our heads. Never! let it be said our fathers bled and died for our birth-rights, and we were too base to defend them. Never! let it be said that in this land, where freedom found an asylum from the despots of Europe, we were wanting in virtue to protect it. No, never!

"And I could rehearse deeds of valor in this *present war*, that ought to inspire us with confidence. The achievements of our gallant little navy have surpassed our most sanguine expectations. The skill and intrepidity of our tars in every engagement have confounded their adversaries; *the disproportion of our loss, the superiority of our manœuvering and the despatch* of the victory have forever broken the charm of her naval invincibility. Her proud pretensions have been humbled, her sensibility wounded to the quick. In all the warfares she has ever been engaged—this she appears to dole over as the most grievous and lamentable; yea! she mourns and grieves as a mother over her lost child.

"To be sure our prospects have been darkened on land, but this is no cause of despair. To contend with an enemy veteran in discipline and experience, allied with a savage people, sanguinary in a mode of warfare peculiar for its dreadful features of atrocity, and that conducted in a manner hardly attainable in the practice of civilized nations; seated too in the interminable wilds of our northern frontiers, remote from assistance and supplies—required a preparation we have too severely felt the want of, hence our armies have met with defeat; but such shall not long be the case when time shall have given us experience and preparation. We, a people so fertile in resource and vigorous in constitution, if united, must meet with success."

From the Alexandria Index.

THE WHIG PARTY PROPER.

We have arrived at a crisis in State affairs, and future action can alone determine what the end will be.

It appears, first, that there is a President acting independently of all parties.

Second, that he has a Cabinet composed of all parties, nominally, and agreeing with him as often as is necessary for them to save their places.

Third, that the Whig party proper, which is by far the largest party, are, *par excellence*, Henry Clay's life guard.

Fourth, that the Democratic party, firm as the crags that beat back the ocean wave, honor John Tyler for his conscience, but cannot endorse his whole acts as President.

Fifth, that the people of the United States have had enough of old Federalism, and are returning to the standard of republican simplicity, without noise, drunkenness, or falsehood.

Sixth, that the people are misrepresented in the Legislative and Executive branches; and that their agents, finding they cannot answer their own selfish ends by their acts of legislation, have determined that there shall be no legislation at all.

The whig party proper, then, are the majority in Congress. To them all praises and all curses must be directed for sins of omission and commission that arise during the present Congress.

The Whig party proper—Clay's Life-Guards! and these are the patriots who were above party during Mr. Van Buren's administration. These are the pure immaculate souls who never could stand the drill of party, who acted spontaneously for their country's good, ad never debased themselves so low as to cater for self.

These are the men who despised collar men once; but now how is it?

Bow-wow-wow—
Whose dog art thou?
I am Henry Clay's dog—
Bow-wow-wow.

We detest hypocrisy. We can pardon a man for deceiving us, if he is himself deceived; but we cannot forgive an individual or a party, for *sucking us in*, wilfully and deliberately.

The Whig party proper will now block the wheels of Government, unless a thousand stock-brokers can have the picking of the bones of our country's skeleton. No apportionment bill is to be passed by this life-guard. The Congress of the United States, to die on the 4th of March next, or the present life-guard is to be continued over from the necessity of the case. The credit of the nation is to be struck down to the credit of broken banks; and then when all is chaos and night—when ruin howls from her solitary den—Henry Clay, assisted by Nicholas Biddle, and some other mighty philosopher of money, is to walk forth and cry out, let there be a *bank*.

Of numerous evils people of discrimination will choose the least. Mr. Clay will then count upon another paper age; his face will be engraved upon millions of promises to pay, and the game of brag will, as usual, favor the broken down statesman of Kentucky.

We, therefore, proclaim to the world that the majority of the 27th Congress has determined to do nothing, but that which will advance their leader's interests. That, in fact, the Whig party proper are the life-guard of Clay, and not the American people.

Let every Democratic member stand to his arms. Our safety is in union. With a firm front, we can meet and conquer the whole bundle of factions, though composed of thorn bushes and bound together by serpents.

Let the life-guard come on. "We are armed."

JEFFERSONIAN:

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1842.

Democratic Republican Nomination:

FOR GOVERNOR,

Louis D. Henry, of Fayetteville.

Election the 1st Thursday (4th day) of August next.

CUNNING FEDERALISM.

The address and resolutions adopted at the recent Convention of the Federalists of this State, comprise the most barefaced attempt at humbugery ever perpetrated—it even out Herods Whigery iself in this respect. But as it is understood to be the work of Mr. *George E. Badger*, no very great wonder will be excited by the audaciousness of the attempt to shift the responsibility from off the shoulders of the Federalists for the mismanagement of our national affairs, since that party obtained power. Mr. *Badger's* contempt for the intelligence and perception of the mass of the people is so well known in this State, that nothing more than a smile of contempt will be excited by even the most extravagant act of political tergiversation and quibbling.

After an elaborate argument to prove that the Federal Whig party proper—the *Clayites*—are not responsible for the falsification of all the fair promises upon which "Tip and Tye" were elected—for the increased embarrasments of the country, and for bankrupting the Treasury and ruining the credit of the nation, the Convention adopted the following Resolution:

Resolved, That this convention disavows all political connexion with, and support of, John Tyler; approves the proceedings and address of the Whig members of Congress at the close of the Extra Session, and holds the whig party discharged from all responsibility for the conduct of public affairs whilst controlled by the present Administration.

When Mr. *Badger* penned this Resolution, he must have fancied himself in a Courthouse, passing a *snap* judgement upon some poor victim of the law, without the formality of a trial by jury: John Tyler is thrown overboard and Whigery absolved from all its sins at a mere dash of the pen. But not so fast, Mr. Ex-Secretary. The PEOPLE have somewhat to say in this matter:—they would like to know how it comes that your party are not responsible for the mismanagement of the Government and the ruin of our credit as a nation. Let us examine facts:

Before the last Presidential Election, the leaders of the Whig party in the Southern States strenuously denied that a national Bank was their object. *Harrison* was declared to be no Bank man, and it was said that Mr. *Tyler* was taken up for the Vice Presidency on the express grounds of his known uniform opposition to such an institution. Mr. *George E. Badger* himself, in a speech at Granville Courthouse in this State, denounced as a base slander, the charge that Gen. Harrison was in favor of a national Bank. Under such circumstances, Harrison and Tyler were elected;—Harrison soon died, and the duty of administering the Government devolved on Tyler. The party came in with a clear majority in both Houses of Congress, and yet have a willing majority of at least twenty-five in the House and five in the Senate. They called an Extra Session of Congress; and on its assembling, Mr. *Clay*, the acknowledged whig leader, came out with a list of the measures designed to relieve the country, to wit: a law to distribute the proceeds of the public lands among the States; a Bankrupt Law; a loan of twelve millions, and a national Bank. All these measures passed Congress by the force of party drill, and Mr. *Tyler* signed them all, except the Bank charter, which he said he had always been opposed to, to which Gen. Harrison was opposed, and which had over and again been declared no measure of the Whig party. Here the secret of Federal cunning leaked out: Mr. *Clay* was bent upon being again a candidate for the Presidency, and knew he could never be elected without the assistance of a powerful moneyed machine to strangle the spirit of republican liberty among our people. He and his party leaders adroitly dodged this issue until they had elected a President and a majority of both Houses of Congress to do their work. Then, thinking all things secure, they exhibited their colors—came out openly for a BANK. Mr. *Tyler*

said—gentlemen, I have always been opposed to this measure; I was elected as an anti-Bank man, and believing a Bank unconstitutional, I cannot sign your bill. Immediately all was confusion. Notwithstanding Mr. Tyler signed all the measures the Whigs *before* the elections said were necessary to relieve the country, he has ever since been denounced and villified by the *Clay* politicians and presses, becauses he would not violate his oath and the principles on which he was elected to office.

And what have this Whig majority in the two Houses of Congress been doing? Legislating for the relief of the country as they promised the people they would? No, indeed! For three months of an extra session and four months of the regular session, they have done nothing but quarrel among themselves and with the President—spending and borrowing money—caucusing day and night to advance Mr. *Clay's* prospects for the Presidency, and throwing every obstacle in the way of the President, to keep him from administering the Government for the benefit of the People.

Yet, in the face of all these FACTS, Mr. *Badger* and the North Carolina Federalists come out and ask the people to excuse them for the mal-administration of the Government, and lay the blame on the shoulders of others—on a helpless minority! They wantonly violate all their pledges, profligately squander the public money, and basely tarnish the national credit, and then ask the people to blame *others for it, and trust them again!* But will the people suffer themselves to be thus duped a second time? We trow not. This the reign of Whigery; and truly, "when the wicked reign the land mourns." No, no; the Whigs cannot shift responsibility on to Mr. Tyler or any body else. They have deceived the people once, by false promises: but the hand-writing is on the wall—they never can do it again.

Congress.—We have but little of interest to record in the proceedings of this body. A bill has been passed authorizing the construction of an iron war steamer; and if they had authorized the construction of a dozen instead of one, they would have consulted the public interest. The House seem busily engaged on the usual Appropriation Bills. Some very amusing incidents occurred on a call of the House a few days since. A host of the members were absent, and when called, came in to render excuses. Several said they were in the Senate listening to a powerful speech from Senator WRIGHT, of New York—fined and discharged. Another said, a member (Mr. *Barnard* of New York,) was making an argument to the House, but it being about dinner time, and the argument of his stomach proving the strongest, he went to dinner—fined also. Mr. STANLY wanted to know why Judge SAUNDERS was absent at home. Mr. G. W. CALDWELL said he was called to attend Wake Court to defend two culprits for horse-stealing. Mr. S. seeming not satisfied with this explanation, Mr. CALDWELL replied, he could probably silence the gentleman's objections by stating that both the culprits were Whigs of the first water, and would certainly be hung if Judge S. had not gone home to defend them, and the party would have thus lost two votes! This brought Mr. STANLY to his seat, and convulsed the House with laughter.

HARD TIMES.

A Dialogue between two Farmers.

Farmer W.—How are you, neighbor G?—how do you stand the "hard times?"

Farmer G.—Tolerably, only; the times are indeed hard. Did you ever know money so scarce?

W.—More so indeed, than when the Democrats were in office. You whigs promised us better times when you got into power, you recollect; but you now complain as much as before.

G.—Well, I admit that our party promised to make money plenty if the people would turn the locofocos out and put us in; but a little reflection and examination will convince any intelligent man that such promises could not be redeemed. No mere change of *men* in office can make money plenty, or scarce. If you'll listen to me a while, I'll tell you where the evil lies.

We have to depend on the *Banks* entirely for a currency. They have nearly all the specie in the country hoarded in their vaults, and give us their notes to circulate as money. Here, then, we come to the source of the hard times: The Banks refuse to loan any more of their notes, or to redeem in specie those already out, and are constantly enforcing the collection of the debts due them. Now, by this constant absorbtion of the circulating medium, without giving any out again, is the amount out not daily decreasing, and will it not continue to diminish under the same policy? We farmers know that always taking and never giving, will soon impoverish the richest soil.

W.—Well, really, neighbor G., you begin to preach up pretty good Democratic doctrine—the same that we Democracts have ever contended for. Are you not afraid of being read out of the Whig ranks as a heretic?

G.—They may read out and be ——;—I find that a blind adherence to *a party*, right or wrong, is not a going to make times better. The country is heels-over-head in debt, and money cannot be had to pay up; and I think I have pointed out the true source of the evil. If this makes me a Democrat, here's my hand.

W.—Good! We'll pledge ourselves to vote for no man at the next election who will not advocate a thorough reform in our Banking System:—Agreed! [*Exeunt, shaking hands.*

☞ We have received from a friend at Washington a pamphlet, intitled "A brief review of the present position of the Republican Party," which we very much regret we have not room to publish this week. It is certainly the production of an able mind, and will, we are sure, meet the views of every true Republican in the land. We will publish it in our next.

O. K!

Old Konnecticut right side up!

The election for State officers and members of the Legislature took place on the 4th instant; and *Democracy* has swept the State like a tornado.—We annex the particulars:

From the Washington Globe, April 7, 1842.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

It appears from the following, taken from the New York Journal of Commerce of last evening, that the Democrats have elected their candidate for Governor, and two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature. At the last Congressional election the Whigs carried every district in the State. Now the Democrats carry not only every Congressional district, but probably every county in the State. So we go.

Should this Congress sit much longer, it will be a curious *representative* body. Already every Congressional district in two States—Indiana and Connecticut—to say nothing of parts of States, is *misrepresented*. The people see "how the *land* lies," and to whom it rightfully belongs.

Connecticut Election.—We have returns from much the larger portion of the State, from which we infer that Cleveland, the Opposition candidate for Governor, has received a plurality over Ellsworth, in the State at large, of 1200 or 1500. The number of scattering votes may possibly prevent a choice; otherwise, Cleveland is elected.

Middlesex county, complete, gives Ellsworth 1,646, Cleveland 2,203, Gillette (Abol.) about 180.—Tolland county complete, gives Ellsworth 1,491, Cleveland 1,699, Gillette about 100. Hartford appears to be the only county in the State which has given a Whig majority, (say 100,) unless Fairfield be an exception, which is yet doubtful. In New London county, Gillette received about 150 votes, and in Hartford county, about as many.

There will also be an Opposition majority in both branches of the Legislature.

P. S. Passengers who left Hartford and New Haven this morning, inform us that Cleveland's plurality in the State over Ellsworth, for Governor, is not far from 2,000; and that his majority over all his opponents is from 500 to 1,000.

Cleveland has a small plurality over Ellsworth in Hartford county.

Fourteen Opposition Senators, out 21 members of which the Senate is composed, are ascertained to be elected, and one or two other districts are represented to be doubtful.

About two-third of the House are Opposition men.

The Hartford *Times*, says parties will stand in the House of Representatives—Democrats, 124
Whigs and Abolitionists 43

Democratic majority 81

The Senate—14 Democrats, 5 Federalists, and two to hear from.

For Governor—*Cleveland* (Dem.) has 23,966.
Ellsworth, (Fed.) and scattering, 23,912

Cleveland's majority, 54

and two Towns to hear from, which last year gave an equal Democratic and Federal vote.

Upon these glorious results, the Richmond *Enquirer* remarks:

"The victory in Connecticut is glorious, as it is decisive. The Democrats have triumphed over an army of office-holders, and over the influence of Banks and Corporations generally. But this is not all. It is to a certain extent a victory over the Tariffites and their Protective System. The New York American (Whig) deeply regrets "this untoward result, especially at this time, when the great contest of American Industry against foreign pauperism may be endangered by the defeat of the good cause in Connecticut." The N. Y. Post says: "We are the more pleased with the result in this State, because the battle has been fought chiefly upon the question of protection or no protection. The Democratic papers have conducted the contest with great ability and spirit, and the friends of the absurd and pernicious restrictive system, were defeated in argument, long before they were defeated at the ballot-boxes."

"If then, Whiggery is driven from her supposed strong-hold in Connecticut, shall we in Virginia (and *we* add North Carolina) permit her to have a foothold *here?* If the Democrats have beaten the Tariff men *there*, shall we suffer them to beat us *here?* It is impossible."

People of North Carolina! What have you to say to this great political revolution? See what the Democracy of the North are accomplishing—beating down, in the very midst of the manufacturing interest, the advocates of a protective tariff—nobly vindicating the true principles of the Constitution and the interests of the South. Then *can you—will* you uphold the odious system and its advocates—a system that grinds you to ruin and draws out the very life-blood of your prosperity? We will not believe it. Come forth then, and join in the political jubilee—come forth, and resolve that North Carolina *ought* to be, that she CAN be, and that she SHALL be redeemed from the sway of Federalism—that she shall no longer be ruled by the advocates of Tariff taxes and Bank monopolies.

"*You tickle me, and I'll tickle you.*"—On the adjournment of the recent Federal Convention at Raleigh, Gov. *Morehead* gave the Delegates a splendid party. According to Whig data, it was none of your "common doins,"—none of your nibbling of gingerbread and tippling hard cider, but a real "p-a-r-t-y" on the highest order of gentility. A huge pound-cake, sent by the Federal anti-war Governor of Massachusetts, "honest John Davis," was consumed on the occasion—typifying, we suppose, the manner in which Gov. *Morehead* is to cram Massachusetts Federalism down the throats of the people of North Carolina. Bah! the mere idea of the dose will create a retching!

What a proper set of fellows these Federalists are! They lavish the people's money on a bankrupt rail-road; and when they wish to get up a political Convention, this rail-road offers a passage at half price to all Delegates who will attend; the Delegates assemble, renominate Gov. *Morehead* and besmatter him with praise, and he, in return, gives them a grand "genteel" feast and jollification! Hurrah! boys. But, hark'ee!—*won't the people have to "pay for the roast"?*

The Alexandria *Index* of April 9, says: "Lord Ashburton, Daniel Webster, and Caleb Cushing, Esqrs., were closeted in the Committee room of Foreign Affairs on Thursday."

Death of Bishop England.—The Charleston papers announce the death of Bishop ENGLAND, of the Roman Catholic Church. Bishop E. was a man of the highest order of talents, and universally esteemed where known by men of all denominations.

Great Fire in Columbia, S. C.—Extract of a letter to the Editor of this paper from a gentleman in Camden, dated April 13:

"If you should not get papers from Columbia, I will inform you, that news of a most disastrous conflagration in that place, reached Camden this morning. The fire occurred yesterday morning, and destroyed property, it is said, to the amount of two hundred thousand Dollars. That portion of the city which is consumed is said to have been the most beautiful in its construction, and in the most business part of the city."

The Columbia Temperance Advocate of the 14th instant, confirms the above melancholly news. The loss is estimated at between two hundred and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—of which about one hundred thousand dollars was covered by insurance.

☞ The advocates of a protective tariff maintain, that the duty on any article, however high, will not increase its price. Will any sane man believe this? Suppose a manufacturer can make and sell a yard of broadcloth at *five dollars* per yard when there is no tax on it; and Government steps in and puts on a duty of *twenty per cent.*, can the manufacturer afford to sell it then for less than *six dollars?* So with every thing else: the tax adds to the price, and the consumer has to pay it out of the proceeds of his labor.

"The Legislature of Virginia has passed an act suspending till November all penalties for refusal of the banks in that State to pay specie for their notes; or in other words, authorizing the banks to withhold payment. This we think it likely will be made a pretext by the North Carolina banks for continuing to speculate upon the public by issuing their notes and then refusing to redeem them. We were among those who justified suspension as long as it was necessary. But when it continued for purposes of mere fraudulent speculation it becomes time to put a stop to it, not by mobs as some of our cotemporaries have suggested; but by such means as the laws of the land provide."—*Cheraw Gazette.*

We are glad to see the *Gazette* taking the right ground on this important subject—a resumption by the Banks. The Editor may be assured our Banks will continue the suspension, or refusal to pay their debts, as long as possible. We have heard it intimated that they intend to resume just before the meeting of the next Legislature, with the hope of thus propitiating for their previous misdeeds; but if we should have a Democratic Legislature, (of which we think there is little doubt,) these shaving-shops may look out for squalls—they would at least do well to have their houses in order.

If rumor lieth not, it has been a stern teacher that has brought our Cheraw friends to their senses on this important question. A constant drain of specie, without any chance to draw it back again, will convince even a *Bank man*, that a suspension of specie payments by the Banks is not *exactly* honest. A shaver and extortioner, when shaved and extorted from, will complain as loud as any body.

☞ The Federal Whig Convention invited Gov. *Morehead* to leave his office and canvass the State—although they say they know it will be lowering the dignity of his station, &c. What! "lower the dignity" of his Excellency, Jno. M Morehead, to go before the people, and give an account of his stewardship? Here's log-cabin simplicity for you! If Gov. M. does take the field, we hope he will attend the Salisbury Convention on the 20th May. He will not find such an entertainment as was seen there on the 4th of July, 1840:—neither shall Mr. HENRY be ruled off the track as an excuse for not permitting Gov. Morehead to be heard, in defence of Whigery and dish-rags. We invite him to come up and tell the people of the West when they may look for those golden times of prosperity and plenty he promised them two years ago.

Mr. Webster.—This gentleman, who now holds under President TYLER the most important office in his power to bestow, is, according to the showing of his own party, the most corrupt and unprincipled man that ever lived. A Washington Whig paper says, his word would not be taken in a business transaction there any sooner than that of a common street loafer. And this is the American Secretary of State!—whom the Whigs used to call "the God-like Daniel," the "great defender of the Constitution!!"

The Clay Whigs abuse John Tyler for running counter to the policy they say Gen. Harrison would have pursued, if alive, and for turning out the members of the Cabinet appointed by the deceased hero of North Bend;—while they with equal bitterness, abuse him for keeping in office *Daniel Webster*, the only remaining member of the Harrison Cabinet. They applauded Tyler till he was elected, and lauded Webster till he was appointed to office; and now abuse both like pick-pockets! Surely honesty among our opponents is a rarity!

More difficulties.—HOGAN, who was some time since arrested at Rochester, N. Y., for participating in the Caroline affair, but released, has been again arrested and committed to prison for trial. It is said there is no doubt of his guilt, if his own boasting confessions be taken as evidence.

☞ There is nothing new from Texas since our last. We suspect there has been "more smoke than fire" in regard to the invasion of Texas.

Lieut. Borden and fifteen men were drowned in the river near Alexandria, D. C., on the 6th instant. They let out a heavy anchor from the steam frigate Missouri, which drew all on board into the river when they perished.

It is said Mr. CLAY, since resigning his seat in the Senate, wanders about Washington like Ahasuerus in the temple.

Mr. Van Buren.—This gentleman expected to arrive at Nashville, Tenn., about the 6th instant, on his contemplated trip to the Hermitage. The citizens of Nashville held a public meeting on the 4th, and appointed a Committee of thirty to make suitable arrangements for his reception.

MR. EDITOR: I do not know when I have been more pleased, than I was a few days since, in your beautiful and pleasant village; a village destined to be still more pleasant and agreeable, if the great cause of Temperance is carried out with the same zeal with which its march has commenced. I say I do not know when I have been more pleased; and this pleasure arose from the almost universal approbation which the Washington Temperance pledge was receiving from the moral and intelligent community of Charlotte. I have said the *almost* universal approbation. I wish I could strike out the emphasized word, but it must remain, for there are still some enemies to this good cause even in Charlotte; a fact which I regretted to learn, and should not, had it not been perhaps by the meest accident.

You, no doubt, are fully aware of it, if the information which I accidentally received be true. I almost, however, doubt its accuracy; at all events I hope that I misunderstood the conversation which put me in possession of the information.

In the stage coach which brought me from your village, were other passengers beside myself, and among the topics of conversation which employed the tedious hours, the progress of Temperance in your town was discussed. The particular refference to the subject which attracted my attention was a conversation between two gentlemen in the coach, who appeared to be conversant with affairs in Charlotte. In the course of his remarks, one of the gentlemen mentioned your name, and stated that the stand you had taken in this cause, was likely to prove highly injurious to your pecuniary interest—that you had already lost several subscribers to your valuable paper, and that a cosiderable amount of advertising patronage would be withdrawn, if it were not already done. I assure you, sir, that I never felt more anxious in my life to repel what I trusted and still hope was a gross slander on the good people of Charlotte. It cannot be, that in Charlotte, any man's pecuniary interests will suffer for his advocacy of this cause, not even that of the grog-seller himself, for I believe that the day is not far distant when those who deal in, and manufacture ardent spirits will find it their interest in every point of view, to relinquish the business.

If, however, the stage coach conversation to which I have referred above, should have any foundation in fact, I think I know you too well to suppose that it would have any other influence than to stimulate you, if that be possible, to still greater exertions in the glorious cause of Temperance. Its principles are founded in TRUTH—and *will* triumph. Whatever may be the results of the present efforts, it must, it will prove ultimately successful.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error, stricken, writhes in pain—
And dies amid her worshippers."

Then allow me to bid you God speed in your efforts in the cause of TRUTH, and I doubt not but the friends of Temperance will see to it, that its warmest and most zealous advocates shall not suffer on account of their exertions in support of a principle so dear to every Christian, Patriot and Philanthropist. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you may hear from me again.

A COLD WATER MAN.

[The stage coach conversation alluded to by "A Cold Water Man," so far as it concerns us, has been literally fulfilled. But for this we care very little. We have made war upon the interests or occupation of no man; and have only done what we believed our duty to ourself and the community. If for this we are to be proscribed, all we have to say is, let proscription come. We shall pursue what we believe to be the right, regardless of consequences.—*Ed. Jeff.*]

MR. JEFFERSONIAN: I take the liberty of sending you the following solution for the Enigma in your paper of the 12th inst:

My 1	I.
" 2, 9, 8, 20, 9	Seine.
" 3, 4, 7, 9	Acre.
" 4, 17, 19, 20, 14	China.
" 5, 8, 6, 3, 10	Cigar.
" 6,	G.
" 7, 17, 19, 20, 9	Rhine.
" 8,	I.
" 9, 10, 11, 8, 20, 9	Ermine.
" 10,	R.
" 11, 14, 17, 15	Mahu.
" 12	C.
" 13, 14, 15, 16, 17	Laugh.
" 14, 18, 16, 8, 9, 10, 2	Algiers.
" 15, 10, 3, 14, 13	Uraal.
" 16, 3, 20, 6, 9, 2	Ganges.
" 17, 14, 10, 11, 8, 20	Harmin.
" 18,	L——ove.
" 19,	I.
" 20, 19, 13, 9	Nile.

The whole is *Isacc Grier McLaughlin.* You can insert the above if you like.

A WASHINGTONIAN.

P. S. Before Isaac Grier McLaughlin* presents another Enigma for publication he had better learn to spell *Isaac.* A. W.

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* "A Washingtonian" is mistaken as to the author of the Enigma he has solved above. Mr. McL. was not the author of it.—*Ed. Jeff.*

The naughty boys at Springfield kiss the young ladies in temperance meetings. He of the Springfield Republican is of opinion that such things are not consistent with *total abstinence.* The question appears to be this—Is kissing *intoxicating?* Who does answer?—*N. O. Bulletin.*

Speaking experimentally, we should say it is rather *exhilerating.*—*Phil. Gaz.*

Notice.

MR. HENRY, the Democratic Republican, candidate for Governor of North Carolina, will, by invitation, address the People of Mecklenburg County, at the Court-house in Charlotte, *on Tuesday, the 26th instant,* (being the weeek of County Court.)

The citizens of the County generally are respectfully invited to attend and hear him.

April 12, 1842.

Valuable Negroes for Sale.

I WILL sell at the Courthouse in Charlotte, on Tuesday, the 26th instant, two valuable NEGRO MEN;—one on a credit of twelve months, and the other on a credit of six months.

W. A. TOOD, Auctioneer.

April 19, 1842. 58....2w.

More New Goods.

R. C. Carson

Is now receiving and opening a handsome Stock of

Spring and Summer GOODS,

DRY GOODS HARDWARE

Which were purchased at unusually low prices,

And will be sold to suit the hard times, or at least as low as any concern in this section of country. His stock consists of all kinds of Goods usually kept in a country store. He has also a large stock of Groceries, which will be sold at reduced prices.

Persons wishing to purchase goods for CASH, will find it to their interest to call and examine his stock.

Charlotte, April, 16, 1842. 58...F.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

The Democratic party of Cabarrus Coun[ty] quested to assemble at *File's Muster grou[nd] turday, the 23d day of April,* (*inst.,*) to c[on] the propriety of appointing Delegates to t[he] ry Convention, which meets on the 20th [in]st. next. By order of

MANY DEMOCRA[TS]

THE CHICORA,

OR

MESSENGER OF THE SOUTH.

UNDER this title, the Subscribers propose publishing in the City of Charleston a W[EEKLY] PAPER to be devoted to LITERATURE, SCIENCE, the ARTS, MECHANICS, AGRICULTURE, EDUCATION, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—in a word, to whatever may improve, instruction or afford amusement to each class, profession or calling of our people. In politics and religion, *the Chicora* will occupy strictly neutral ground; yet sufficient attention will be paid to both, to enable the reader to learn how prospers the religious and political condition of the country.

A paper devoted to the purposes above stated, has long been a *desideratum* at the South; and it is to meet this, that *The Chicora* is now proposed to be issued. The Subscribers are aware their promises may appear too confident, after the repeated failure of Southern periodicals; but they beg leave to say, that so complete are the arrangements they have made—so extensive the correspondence they have secured—so valuable the aid, both of Northern and Southern talent they have enlisted—that with the kindly feelings and liberal patronage of the South, they have no fears for the result.

THE *Literary Department* of the CHICORA will be supplied with articles of rare and substantial merit, with reviews and critiques of all the new works of the day, and with original tales, sketches, works of fiction, biographies and poetry from the pens of several of the most gifted authors, both of the North and South.

The *Scientific* and *Mechanical Department* will be enriched with essays and illustrations from individuals high in public estimation, as thoroughly practical men, which, together with the Agricultural communications already secured to the paper from various portions of the country, will form a compendium of useful instruction invaluable to the artisan and the planter.

In this Department of *General Intelligence*, the subscribers believe the CHICORA will take a stand which will not be surpassed by any Journal of the Union. As one of the subscribers will make it his constant business to visit every section of our country; and through means of an extensive acquaintance already possessed in the cities of our sea-board and the West, a weekly correspondence will be established with Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati and New-Orleans, through which will be obtained, not only the earliest information in regard to all foreign and domestic matters of importance, Prices current of Southern products and monetary affairs of moment in the different States, but also the opinions of judicious men in regard to Commercial prospects, and matters of an economical, civil, and political character. Nor, since

A little folly now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men,

do they intend to exclude those lighter articles of information, familiarly designated the chit chat of the day, which, while they may serve to amuse a weary or listless hour, have at the same time the higher effect of acquainting us with the character and customs of our Northern and Western neighbors, and connecting more closely the bonds of unity between us.

Feeling assured then, of their ability to meet the wishes of the Southern community, and to establish a paper on the most approved, useful and popular plan, and hereby pledging themselves that no exertion shall be wanting on their part, not only most fully to redeem, but even to exceed the promises they make, they respectfully solicit the patronage of the good people of South Carolina and her sister States.

The CHICORA will be printed on an imperial sheet, of the very best paper and type, and shall be embellished with portraits of our distinguished men, and views illustrative of our scenery. The price will be $5 per annum, payable upon the delivery of the first number.

N. S. DODGE,
B. R. CARROLL.

March 31, 1842.

IMPORTANT WORK.

Now in Press, and will shortly be published, a Dictionary of

ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MINES.

BY ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S., &c.

Illustrated with 1,241 *Engravings!*

THIS is, unquestionably, the most popular work of the kind ever published, and a book most admirably adapted to the wants of all classes of the community. The following are the important objects which the learned author endeavors to accomplish—

1st. To instruct the Manufacturer, Metallurgist, and Tradesman, in the principles of their respective processes, so as to render them, in reality, the masters of their business; and to emancipate them from a state of bondage to such as are too commonly governed by blind prejudice and viscious routine.

2dly. To afford Merchants, Brokers, Drysalters, Druggists, and Officers of the Revenue, characteristic descriptions of the commodities which pass through their hands.

3dly. By exhibiting some of the finest developments of Chemistry and Physics, to lay open an excellent practical school for students of these kindred sciences.

4thly. To teach Capitalists, who may be desirous of placing their funds in some productive branch of industry, to select judiciously, among plausible claimants.

5thly. To enable gentlemen of the Law to become well acquainted with the nature of those patent schemes which are so apt to give rise to litigation.

6thly. To present to Legislators such a clear exposition of the staple manufactures, as may dissuade them from enacting laws, which obstruct industry, or cherish one branch of it, to the injury of many others.

And, lastly, to give the general reader, intent, chiefly, on Intellectual Cultivation, views of many of the noblest achievements of science, in effecting those grand transformations of matter to which Great Britain and the United States owe their paramount wealth, rank and power among the nations of the earth.

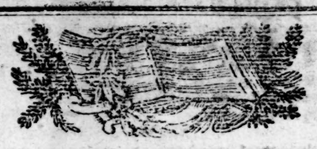
The latest Statistics of every important object of Manufactures are given from the best, and usually from the Official authority, at the end of each article.

The Work will be printed from the second London Edition, which sells for $12 a copy. It will be put on good paper, in new brevier type, and will make about 1400 pages. It will be issued in twenty-one semi-monthly numbers, (in covers) at twenty-five cents each, on delivery.

☞ To any person sending us five dollars, at one time in advance, we will forward the numbers by mail, *post paid*, as soon as they come from the press.

To suitable agents this affords a rare opportunity, as we can put the work to them on terms *extraordinarily favorable.* In every manufacturing town, and every village, throughout the United States and Canada, subscribers can be obtained with the greatest facility.—Address, post paid, Le Roy Sunderland, 125 Fulton street, New York.

**To every editor who gives this advertisement twelve insertions, we will foward to order, one copy of the whole work, provided the papers containing this notice be sent to the New York Watchman, New York.



POETRY.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE HOOSHEROONS.

The good citizens of our young sister, Indiana, are pretty generally known, throughout the West, by the singular appellative of *Hoosiers*. The following rhymes, from a young Hoosheroon, conveys a very graphical picture of Hoosher life on the frontiers of Indiana. In our perambulations through that State, we have often partaken the welcome hospitality of a "buck-eye cabin," while our gallant steed stood by the "sapling" and the "sugar-trough" for the night.

Suppose, in riding through the West,
A stranger found a "Hoosher's nest,"
In other words, a buck-eye cabin'
Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in;
Its situation, low and airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house, and then alighthed.
The "Hoosher" met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'er;
He took the stranger's horse aside,
And to a sturdy sappling tied:
Then having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar-trough.
The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pin,
And manifested strong desire
To seat him by the log-heap fire,
Where half a dozen *Hoosheroons*,
With mush and milk, tin cups and spoons,
White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their places.
But Madam, anxious to display
Her rough and undisputed sway,
Her offspring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.
Invited shortly to partake
Of venison, milk and Johnny cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glances round the room would steal.
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of "varmints;"
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor—
In short, the domicil was rife
With specimens of "Hoosher" life.
The Host who centred his affections
On game and *range*, and quarter sections,
Discussed his weary guest for hours,
Till Somnus' ever potent powers,
Of sublunary cares bereft 'em.

Now matter how the story ended—
The application I intended
Is from the famous Scottish poet,
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,
That "buirdly chiels and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is."

AGRICULTURE.

REMARKS *upon* ENGLISH CATTLE, *and a* COMPARISON *of* THEM *with* AMERICA;

BY A. B. ALLEN.

It has become a matter of great importance to the American stock-breeders, to know now whether they can make any further improvements in their domestic animals, and if so, how, when and where. It would require too long an essay to be read before the Society, to attempt to go over the whole circle of British domestic animals. I shall, therefore, in this paper, after an incidental paragraph, confine my remarks to neat stock alone, which at present probably most interests Kentucky.

I was not only at the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, but present also at that of Yorkshire, which was much superior in its show over the former, in horses, short-horns, long wool sheep and swine. I also privately examined the stock of many of the most distinguished breeders in Great Britain, and am free to declare, that a few South Down sheep excepted, we want scarce any thing more from abroad for years. Our roadsters and horses of all work, are superior to those of England, in shape, action and endurance—our cattle nearly as good. With fine wool sheep she has nothing to compare with us, and our splendid herds of swine, improved by the late importations, are now made quite equal to any.

Short-Horns. Just before leaving for England last spring, I took a careful survey of Ohio and New York, and since my return have gone again over much of the same ground, together with the addition of a part of Kentucky; and this second look has only the more fully confirmed me in the judgement that I formed while abroad, the *best* of one breeder's herd alone excepted, the Short-horns of America are quite equal to those of Great Britain. I therefore do hope, till the choicest of these can be had at a reasonable rate, that our money may not be wasted abroad in the pride of further importations—more especially during these hard times, and under the consideration of the little that Europe is taking of our agricultural products in return. Short-horns bred here, can now be purchased throughout the country, of as good a quality as abroad, for half the money that it would cost to get them there. Let us appreciate then what we already possess, foster, cultivate and spread it—*free ourselves from the* THRALDOM of foreign opinions, and no longer be carried away by the fashion of the word—"*Imported.*"

* * * *

Devons.—The red cattle of the Eastern States doubtless originated from the North Devons; and if as much pains had been taken in breeding them in America, as in England, they would probably now be as beautiful and perfect. A few very fine late importations have been made of these animals, probably quite enough to satisfy the demand at present. I think them better adapted to the light dry soils of our country than any other breed, the Scotch Highland cattle alone excepted.

The South Devons of the same deep mahogany color, I found much larger than those of the North, almost equal in size to the Herefords, and some of them with nearly the fine handling, the loin and quarter of the Short-horn. The cows of this breed are not unfrequently very good milkers, giving not only a large quantity, but also that of a rich quality. The oxen are admirable in the yoke, and make excellent beef. To those who have good pastures, and like this style of animal, and cannot rest satisfied with a cross of the Short horns on the Devons already in the country, I would recommend a small importation. I subjoin the size of a bull 3 years and 4 months old, that I inspected among others. Height over the shoulders 4 feet 10 inches; girth round the heart 7 feet 9 inches; length from base of horn to end of hump, 7 feet 5 inches. I think he might have been fatted to weigh 13 or 1400 lbs. dead weight. A cow 8 years old, of the same breed, was but a trifle inferior in size.

* * * * * *

Red Galloway.—By the above, I mean a deep formed, square, bright red cow, without horns, and of these I have seen as fine specimens on the Jersey marshes opposite the city of New York, said to have been originally imported from Holland, as I believe exist in the world. They were kept here as dairy cows, for the purpose of supplying that city with milk, and had the size, and nearly the perfection of form of a snug short horn, were capital meat well fattened, and rather celebrated as deep milkers. —This breed I look upon as particularly desirable, they never can injure anything by goring, with the horn, and wanting these excresences, it takes away of course just so much offal, and as I think, adds so much the more to their value.—*Kentucky Farmer.*

From the Plough Boy.

MR. EDITOR: If the East India experiment in relation to Cotton, should prove a splendid failure, and turn out to be the greatest humbug of the age, the reasons for curtailing our production, though not so cogent, still address themselves, with great force to every planter who desires to see his profession established upon a solid basis. We will not stop to inquire, whether the arguments for or against the probability of its success preponderate; nor do we regard it a matter of much importance to the Cotton planters of this continent, to go into abstract speculations, about the capacity of the East to drive us ultimately out of the European market; our business is to treat the success of the experiment where placed beyond the possibility of a doubt.

We promised to show that the remedy for overproduction and consequent low prices, was practicable, and we now proceed to redeem the pledge. The whole matter is resolved into the simple question, how is the production of Cotton to be curtailed, and the capital and labor diverted from it, to be more profitably invested?

Let it be taken for granted—as I am sure the proposition cannot be successfully controverted—that half the quantity of Cotton now produced in the United States, supposing the production to be reduced one-half, would yield to the planters as much money as they now realize for the whole; that one-half their capital and labor employed in the production of Cotton, is most improvidently thrown away. How could it be profitably invested? In the first place, in reclaiming exhausted lands, and making substantial improvements.—Secondly, in raising every horse, mule, hog, cow and sheep, necessary for the utmost comfort of the planter. These suggestions are so common place that a stranger to the ruinous system heretofore practiced in the Cotton region, would be apt to discredit any evidence but that of his own sense, going to prove that any people upon the face of the globe, could neglect such cardinal virtues in the wild pursuit of filthy lucre.—But the catalogue is not yet complete. Besides being dependent on Kentucky and Tennessee, for a large proportion of the stock used and consumed, we are tributary to North Carolina for butter, apples and cabbages; to Virginia for tobacco; to the New England States for shoes, hats, negro cloths, butter, cheese, Irish potatoes, pickled beef and pork; to New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia for flour. In this enumeration I have purposely mentioned those articles only, which may as well be raised in the Cotton region, as in the States respectively, from which they are brought to us; and it will be recollected, that for every article purchased from the four first named States, we pay cash instead of produce in exchange; and that the amount of southern produce consumed by the north, is nothing like on equivalent for the amount of northern produce and manufactures consumed by the south.

But the capital to be diverted from the production of Cotton, may be profitably invested in various other ways. Should Cotton take the place of Hemp in the manufacture of bagging, rope, &c., the number of factories should be increased. The planter may devote a part of his skill and capital to making Silk. Our soil and climate are admirably suited to the production of Indigo, and it is the opinion of an excellent writer in one of our sister States, that it might be profitably cultivated. More might be said upon this branch of the subject, but let us see what would be the effect of the course suggested, upon the ultimate prosperity of the country. It would make us an independent people, by throwing us on our own resources. We should form habits of economy, which would free us from debt, and cure the propensity for wild and reckless speculation, by withdrawing the facilities and temptations to its indulgence—a propensity more dangerous to the prosperity of the country, and one which has already been more destructive to its best interest, than all other calamities besides. It is not extravagant to say, that the unparalleled embarrassment and distress, which the country is groaning under, are wholly attributable to it; for although other causes operated to produce the calamitous results complained of, yet they were auxiliaries. The expansion of Bank issues has been one of those auxiliaries, and not the sole inducement to speculation. If the remedy which I have proposed be applied with any reasonable hope of success, it must be applied to all classes; to the Banks as well as to the people; and the effect will be to give us a sound currency—to make economy a cardinal virtue—to make us independent of all foreign supplies of those commodities which we can produce ourselves, and for the purchase of which we have been compelled to pay money, instead of an equivalent in our productions. In short, it will enable us to avail ourselves of the benefits of our position, which benefits have hitherto been pocketed by our sister States. Maintaining as we should the excellent doctrine of free trade, we should encourage it, only on its true principles, those of reciprocal burthens and benefits; otherwise, we shall continue to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to a pampered monied aristocracy, instead of being a people, proud of our institutions, our fields, our flocks, our firesides, and our altars, and nobly aspiring to an imperishable name among the nations of the earth.

ARATOR.

From the Cultivator.

TO MAKE HENS LAY PERPETUALLY.

EDS. CULTIVATOR: I never allow cocks to run with my hens, except when I want to raise chickens. Hens will lay eggs *perpetually*, if treated in the following manner. Keep no roosters; give the hens *fresh meat*, chopped fine like sausage-meat, once a day, a very small portion, say half an ounce a day to each hen, during winter, or from the time insects disappear in the fall, till they appear again in the spring. Never allow any eggs to remain in the nest, for what is called *nest eggs*. When the roosters do not run with the hens, and no nest eggs are left in the nest, the hens will cease laying after the production of twelve or fifteen eggs, as they always do when roosters and nest eggs are allowed; but continue laying perpetually. My hens always lay all winter, and each from seventy-five to one hundred eggs in succession. There being nothing to excite the animal passions, they never attempt to set. If the above plan were generally followed, eggs would be just as plenty in winter as in summer. The only reason why hens do not lay in winter as freely as summer, is the want of *animal food*, which they get in summer in abundance in the form of *insects*. The reason they stop laying and go to setting, after laying a brood of eggs, is the continual excitement of the animal passions by the males.—I have for several winters reduced my theory to practice, and proved its entire correctness. It must be observed that the presence of the male is *not* necessary for the production of eggs, as they are formed whether the male be present or not. Of course such eggs will not produce chickens. When chickens are wanted, the roosters must of course run with the hens.

B.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

The question is often asked, why it is that good coffee cannot be produced in this country? The reason is simply this; coffee is spoiled in the burning, and sufficient care is not taken in preparing it for the table. To make coffee equal to the French is very simple, and very easy, and for the benefit of all good housewives, and all lovers of good coffee, we will state the manner in which it should be done. First, procure the best coffee possible. See that your cook does not *burn* it, but roast it to the color of a golden brown, and never allow it to remain in its burnt or roasted state for more than three days, as after that time it will lose its strength. Secondly, in lieu of the ancient method of *boiling* your coffee for an hour or more over a hot fire, and then being obliged to settle it with such rarities as *fish-skins, egg-shells*, and the like, procure a *biggen*, as it is termed, and make a distillation or decoction by putting the coffee in the apartment in which the strainer is, then turning thereon *boiling hot water*. Take care that the nose of the coffee-pot has a stopper to prevent the steam from escaping, and cover the top of your *biggen* immediately after having turned the water upon the coffee; as it is a most important requisite to have the steam confined. Judgment is also as to the quantity of water to be used. The best coffee may be spoiled by too much water applied to it. The coffee should be made very strong; and if strong enough its color will be quite black. Lastly, having made your coffee of great strength, do not use *hot water* to dilute it, but in lieu thereof, take boiling hot milk and weaken the coffee to your taste. By following these directions you will have as fine a cup of coffee as can be made in any country.

The time required for making coffee in this manner, is but a few minutes, the coffee being made as the liquid issues through the strainer.—*Daily Times.*

We endorse the above without any kind of hesitation. The formula has been long ago adopted in our culinary department, and the result has been such as to give entire satisfaction. Nothing but a reverence for the customs of antiquity could obstruct the progress of patent coffee-pots. Now we have a fondness for old things ourselves, always excepting old eggs and old butter, yet our morning cup of coffee is an item of too much importance to be sacrificed at the shrine of antiquity.

We beg leave to remark, that the addition of boiled milk is altogether a matter of taste. We ourselves prefer to substitute a couple of spoonsful of thick cream.—*Cultivator.*

MISCELLANY.

MRS. JOHN SMITH, JR., OF ARKANSAS;

WHOM IT WAS HARD TO MAKE SCOLD.

A gossipping correspondent of the New York Standard, who writes over the signature of "John Smith, jr., of Arkansas," tells the following story about his better half:

About six years after I had transformed Miss Mary Lopez Smith into Mrs. John Smith, jr., of Arkansas, I got into a habit of going down to Billy Taylor's tavern, in Helena county, and there I'd sit, hour after hour, and play *keards*, as the Vermonters express themselves when they want to talk about card playing, and sometimes got a little wrong in the upper story.

Mrs. John Smith, jr., bore all this pretty well, for a long time; but I could see that my folly and extravagance was a source of anguish to her; and though she'd sit and weep in silence, when she thought I did not see her, she was too proud to complain—loved me too well to tell me that I was an ungrateful fellow, and was driving her to the tomb by my neglect and dissipation. I saw all; knew that I was murdering the wife of my bosom, and yet, for the life of me, I could not conquer my thirst for gambling and conviviality.

A thousand times did I attempt to cut asunder the bands that bound me to a sinful course of folly and madness; and I often prayed to my God, imploring him to invest me with a resolution sufficiently strong to enable me to escape from the slavery of vice and folly. But all was of no avail. At last it occurred to me, that if I could get Mrs. John Smith, jr., waked up to anger and compel her to scold me like a virago, my end would be accomplished, and I should be able to consummate the reformation I panted for in all sincerity. At last I was successful.

Christmas came round, and I flogged all my negroes; gave each of them a suit of new clothes of Oznaburgh, and a shilling all round, by the way of an annual comforter; and away I went down to old Billy Taylor's tavern, to play cards and drink whiskey. I was gone three days and nights, and during the whole of that sad period, Mrs. John Smith, jr., sat by the door of the log-cabin, and sighed and wept for her truant and reckless husband. Her eyes had not been closed one moment. She wept for me and my sins; and when her little infant would turn up its bright eyes, and smiling try to lisp the name of farther, my poor Mrs. John Smith, jr., would fall into all the agonies of mental and physical distraction! "Smile on, sweet babe!" she would say; "smile on, be happy while you may, for the day will soon come when this distracted heart shall burst, and I shall find repose, I hope—not in the embrace of an unfeeling but beloved husband, but in the arms of the God of Abraham. Smile on, sweet innocent! live, love, and be happy; and when I am no more, then—oh then! thy father may learn to love and protect you."

At a late hour of the fourth night of my carousal, I went home, and found Mrs. John Smith up waiting for me. She said nothing but wept most bitterly.

"My love," said I, "I am very sorry you are crying; pray has anything happened to make you unhappy?"

"Mr. Smith," said she, "and is it possible that you can ask such a question? Anything happened, sir! Do you mean to add insult to injury?"

I saw, for the first time in my life, that she had something of a woman's spirit about her, and I rejoiced that there was now a chance to make her scold me. I resolved to improve the golden opportunity. So, assuming a dignified and despotic attitude, I looked at her with all the mock ferocity I could muster, and in a stern voice exclaimed,

"Mrs. John Smith, jr., of Arkansas, do you know, madam, whose log-cabin you occupy? Do you know, madam, that I am lord of this manor, and master over you and your negroes?"

"Mr. John Smith, jr., of Arkansas," she exclaimed in a dignified tone, and with an air of majesty that reminded me of Mrs. Siddons in Catharine of Arragon, "you are unendurable; your conduct, sir, is infamous, and I shall not submit to it any longer; you are a brute, sir; yes, sir, a brute, and I'll complain to your honored father and to my brothers, sir, and I'll see if a remedy cannot be effected."

"My honored father and your brothers may be hanged, madam," I returned; "I'll do as I please, and you, madam, shall submit to it! So take that for your consolation!"

"Mr. Smith," replied Mrs. John jr., "it is idle and unnecessary for us to live as we now do. You supply me bountifully, it is true, with all I want to make my life comfortable; you are kind and affectionate to my children, but sir, you neglect me; and rejecting a wife's love and devotion, spend your days and nights in a filthy pot house, and for aught I know, with bad and abandoned men and women, too, sir. I cannot submit to this gross outrage on my repose and life any longer. Mr. Smith, I must be provided with a separate maintenance."

She was firm and determined I saw, and there was something in her eye that told me that the hour of my repentance had come; and as Sir Harcourt Courtly says, 'my gra-*shus!*' how my heart did palpitate.

"Provide you with a separate maintenance," I stammered out, "in the name of mercy, Mrs. John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, what do you mean, madam! You are not serious?"

"Yes, but I am, though," replied the highly exasperated lady; "I mean what I say, and insist, sir, on its immediate consummation."

If I had been shot, I could not have more suddenly fallen on my knees than I did. I saw that ruin, a shipwrecked heart, blasted hope and eternal disgrace awaited me, and there was no time to be lost in securing a reconciliation.

"My love," said I, "I did but go to the camp-meeting—and did—"

"Don't talk to me about camp-meeting; do not add the sin of falsehood to your vices, Mr. Smith; you, sir, have left me three whole days and nights to suffer all the pangs and pains of a distracted wife, in this wilderness; you have been far more cruel than the beasts of this forest, and I am determined to submit to my wrongs no longer!"

I seized her hand, and prostrate and penitent and heart-stricken, while a flood of whiskey fell from my eyes, ejaculated, "pardon me, Mary, dearest wife; speak not those cruel words again about a separate maintenance, and I pledge my word and honor that never again will I go to Billy Taylor's tavern to play cards or to frolic. I'll quit every vice, join the teetotal society, and sell all my negroes to furnish you with money!"

"And will you be faithful to your promises?" she plaintively whispered. "Will you not suffer yourself to get into bad company again?"

"As I hope for happiness here and hereafter," I replied, "I will keep my promise, and no temptation, no power on earth, shall ever induce me to prove recreant."

Her soft black eye sparkled with joy, though clouded by tears, and as she pressed my hand to her lips, she imprinted it with a burning kiss, and softly ejaculated:

"John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, you are forgiven."

I rose like a man who had been prostrated on the guillotine, but who, whilst he gazed on the suspended knife, and the bloody executioner, expecting to see his head tumble into the basket, the next moment was pardoned, and clasping my Mary to my bosom half suffocated her with kisses!

O, dearest, said I, do as you please; say what you please and I'll never find fault! I then ran to my bed room, seized a pair of buckskin inexpressibles, that I wore when I was a Sergeant in Sir George's army, of the Spanish Main, and handing them to her, exclaimed in the ecstacy of my delight:

"Take them, dearest wife; put them on, wear them, and hang me if you shan't be master hereafter and forever. And if I on any occasion break my word, give them back to me and pronounce me a scoundrel."

She took the inexpressibles; did not put them on, but, from that day to this, has never had an opportunity to return them. Nor will she ever have. Now we are happy—are blessed—have had four little John Smiths, Jr., of Arkansas, at two births, and I wish I had an army of them. No scolding now disturbs us; I go to bed, every night, at 9 o'clock, precisely, drink cold water, do not play cards, but bite my thumb at old Billy Taylor and his log cabin tavern in Helena county, Arkansas and strive to make every body happy. Scolding in my case has been profitable.

From the Posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club.

A TIGHT ELECTION.

"Well Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bed room door, just as he was concluding his toilet, "all alive to-day I suppose?"

"Regular game, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "our people's collecting down at Town Arms and they're a hollowing themselves hoarse already."

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "do they seem devoted to their party, Sam?"

"Never seed such devotion in my life sir."

"Energetic, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Uncommon," replied Sam; "I never see men eat and drink so afore. I wonder they aint afeard o'bustin."

"Thats the mistaken kindness of the gentry here," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Werry likely," replied Sam, briefly.

"Fine, fresh, hearty fellows, they seem," said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window.

"Werry fresh," replied Sam, "me, and the waiters at the Peacock, has been pumpin' over the independent woters at supper there last night."

"Pumping over the independent voters!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes," said his attendant, "every man slept where he fell down, we dragged 'em out, one by one this mornin' and put 'em under the pump, and they're in reg'lar order, now. Shillin' a head the committee paid for that 'ere job."

"Can such a thing be!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"Nothin' at all, sir," replied his attendant.—"The night afore the last day of the election was here, the opposite party bribed the bar-maid at the Town Arms to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen unpolled electors as was a stoppin in the house."

"What do you mean by hocussing the brandy and water?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Puttin laud'num in it," replied Sam. "Blessed if she didn't send em all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over. They took one man up to the booth in a truck fast a sleep by way of experiment, but it was no go—they wouldn't poll him; so they brought him back and put him to bed again,"

"Strange practices these," said Mr. Pickwick, half speaking to himself, and half addressing Sam.

"Not half so strange as a miraculous circumstance as happened to my own father, at election time, in this werry place, sir," replied Sam.

"What was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, he drove a coach down here, once," cried Sam, "'lection time came on, and was engaged by von party to bring down woters from London.—Night afore he was goin to drive up, committee on t'other side sent for him quietly, and away he goes with the messenger, who shows him in—large room—lots of gent'lm'n—heaps of papers, pens and ink, and all that 'eer. "Ah, Mr. Weller," says the gent'lm'n in the chair, "'glad to see you, sir; how are you?" Werry well, thankee, sir; says my father; I hope you'er pretty middlin' says he—"pretty well, thankee, sir," says the gen'lm'n; "sit down, Mr. Weller—pray sit down, sir." So my father sits down, and the gen'lm'n looks werry hard at each other. "You don't remember me!" says the gen'lm'n—"Cant say I do," says my father. "Oh, I know you," says the gen'lm'n, "know'd ye ven you was a boy," says he. "Well I don't remember you," says my father—"that's very odd." says the gen'lm'n—werry, says my father—"you must have a bad memory, Mr. Weller," says the gen'lm'n; "well it is a very bad 'un," says my father—"I thought so," says the gen'lm'n. So then they pours him out a glass o'wine, and gammons him about his driving, and gets him into a reg'lar fine humor, and at last shoves a twenty pound note into his hand.—"It's a werry bad road between this and London," says the gent. "Here and there it's a werry heavy road," says my father—"Well, Mr. Weller," says the gen'lm'n, "you're a werry good whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we know "We're all very fond o' you, Mr. Weller; so in case you *should* have an accident when you're bringing these here woters down, and *should* tip 'em over the canal without hurtin' 'em, this is for yourself," says he. "Gen'lm'n, you're werry kind," says my father, "and I'll drink your health, in another glass of wine," says he, vich he did, and then buttons up the money and bows himself out. "You wouldn't believe, sir," continued Sam, with a look of inexpressible impudence at his master, "that on the werry day as he came down with them woters, his coach *was* upset on that 'eer werry spot, and ev'ry man on 'em was turned into the canal,"

"And got out again?" replied Pickwick, hastily.

"Why," replied Sam, very slowly, "I rather think one old gentleman was missin'; I know his hat was found, but I a'int quite certain whether his head was in it or not—But what I look at, *is the* hextraordinary, and wonderful coincidence, that arter what the gen'lm'n said, my father's coach should be upset in that werry place, and on that werry day."

A Teetotaler's Sign.—As a newly pledged Washingtonian was passing the Streets, a few weeks since, he was thus hailed by an old Rum companion:

"I say, Tom, they tell me you've become a teetotaler."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I'm proud of it, and wish you would be one, too. I have been a drunkard, a loafer, and almost every thing else, for the last three years; and thank God, it has made me a man again!"

The companion hardly knew what to say to this; at length, he added in a jocular manner,

"Well, Tom, they say you teetotalers have a sign, to know each other by—won't you tell an old crony what it is?" Certainly; we have a most excellent sign, added Tom, pulling out a double handful of half dollars, and shaking them in the face of his former companion, and said, "This is the teetotaler's sign!"

This proved a knock-down argument, and the other promised to sign at the next meeting, for he liked their sign.—*Organ.*

Good Advice to Young Men.—The Editor of the Louisville Journal holds the following language in lecturing to the young men of that city: "If all the young men in any city which can be named, will but devote one half—yea, one fourth of the money which they now expend in mere luxuries, idle pleasures, and pernicious indulgencies, which do them *no* good and *much* harm, to the support of a well regulated *reading establishment*, and spend their leisure hours there, the change would enrich their minds, and add to their happiness, respectability, wealth, and ability to be useful in comig life. There is more virtue in one Magazine than in a dozen boxes of the *best* Spanish cigars, and more to be gained during the long evenings of a single winter, by reading and study, than can be found in theatrical shows and scenes of dissipation in twenty years. The one course leads a young man up to a life of respectability, honor, and usefulness, and enables him to anticipate the coming of grey hairs upon his ruffled brow, with the feelings of one *who has lived not in vain;* while the other soon leads to loss of virtue—loos of character—friends—loss of health—crime—infamy—an early and dishonored grave."

Several farmers near Boston some years since, went on the river a "tom codding," to use the vernacular. Having cut large holes in the ice some ten feet apart, they made preparations for fishing. As one of their number stood over a hole with a bottle of rum at his mouth, his foot slipped and down he went with the bottle in his hand. While his companions stood aghast about the hole, and consulting as to what they should do, the man himself came up out of another hole about twenty feet distant with the bottle in his hand, which he had corked while under the water to prevent the water's getting into it!—*National Eagle.*

We are reminded of a Yankee's account of a fishing and duck hunting excursion with his uncle.—"Uncle Ben took my powder horn to load his gun and I told him he had better use his'n. I made 'sef I was going to snatch mine and the boat kinder started over, and souse went uncle Ben into the river. He didn't come up mighty quick, and so I looked over to see where he was, and won't you believe it, if there warn't uncle Ben a settin' on the bottom of the river, pourin' powder out of my horn into his'n!"—*Barre (Mass.) Gazette.*

POETRY.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE HOOSHEROONS.

The good citizens of our young sister, Indiana, are pretty generally known, throughout the West, by the singular appellative of *Hoosiers*. The following rhymes, from a young Hoosheroon, conveys a very graphical picture of Hoosher life on the frontiers of Indiana. In our perambulations through that State, we have often partaken the welcome hospitality of a "buck-eye cabin," while our gallant steed stood by the "sapling" and the "sugar-trough" for the night.

Suppose, in riding through the West,
A stranger found a "Hoosher's nest,"
In other words, a buck-eye cabin'
Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in;
Its situation, low and airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house, and then alighthed.
The "Hoosher" met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'er;
He took the stranger's horse aside,
And to a sturdy sapling tied:
Then having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar-trough.
The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pin,
And manifested strong desire
To seat him by the log-heap fire,
Where half a dozen *Hoosheroons*,
With mush and milk, tin cups and spoons,
White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their places.
But Madam, anxious to display
Her rough and undisputed sway,
Her offspring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.
Invited shortly to partake
Of venison, milk and Johnny cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal,
And glances round the room would steal.
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of "varmints;"
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor—
In short, the domicil was rife
With specimens of "Hoosher" life.
The Host who centred his affections
On game and *range*, and quarter sections,
Discussed his weary guest for hours,
Till Somnus' ever potent powers,
Of sublunary cares bereft 'em.

Now matter how the story ended—
The application I intended
Is from the famous Scottish poet,
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,
That "buirdly chiels and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is."

AGRICULTURE.

REMARKS *upon* ENGLISH CATTLE, *and a* COMPARISON *of* THEM *with* AMERICA;

BY A. B. ALLEN.

It has become a matter of great importance to the American stock-breeders, to know now whether they can make any further improvements in their domestic animals, and if so, how, when and where. It would require too long an essay to be read before the Society, to attempt to go over the whole circle of British domestic animals. I shall, therefore, in this paper, after an incidental paragraph, confine my remarks to neat stock alone, which at present probably most interests Kentucky.

I was not only at the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, but present also at that of Yorkshire, which was much superior in its show over the former, in horses, short-horns, long wool sheep and swine. I also privately examined the stock of many of the most distinguished breeders in Great Britain, and am free to declare, that a few South Down sheep excepted, we want scarce any thing more from abroad for years. Our roadsters and horses of all work, are superior to those of England, in shape, action and endurance—our cattle nearly as good. With fine wool sheep she has nothing to compare with us, and our splendid herds of swine, improved by the late importations, are now made quite equal to any.

Short-Horns. Just before leaving for England last spring, I took a careful survey of Ohio and New York, and since my return have gone again over much of the same ground, together with the addition of a part of Kentucky; and this second look has only the more fully confirmed me in the judgement that I formed while abroad, the *best* of one breeder's herd alone excepted, the Short-horns of America are quite equal to those of Great Britain. I therefore do hope, till the choicest of these can be had at a reasonable rate, that our money may not be wasted abroad in the pride of further importations—more especially during these hard times, and under the consideration of the little that Europe is taking of our agricultural products in return. Short-horns bred here, can now be purchased throughout the country, of as good a quality as abroad, for half the money that it would cost to get them there. Let us appreciate then what we already possess, foster, cultivate and spread it—*free ourselves from the* THRALDOM of foreign opinions, and no longer be carried away by the fashion of the word—"*Imported.*"

* * * *

Devons.—The red cattle of the Eastern States doubtless originated from the North Devons; and if as much pains had been taken in breeding them in America, as in England, they would probably now be as beautiful and perfect. A few very fine late importations have been made of these animals, probably quite enough to satisfy the demand at present. I think them better adapted to the light dry soils of our country than any other breed, the Scotch Highland cattle alone excepted.

The South Devons of the same deep mahogany color, I found much larger than those of the North, almost equal in size to the Herefords, and some of them with nearly the fine handling, the loin and quarter of the Short-horn. The cows of this breed are not unfrequently very good milkers, giving not only a large quantity, but also that of a rich quality. The oxen are admirable in the yoke, and make excellent beef. To those who have good pastures, and like this style of animal, and cannot rest satisfied with a cross of the Short horns on the Devons already in the country, I would recommend a small importation. I subjoin the size of a bull 3 years and 4 months old, that I inspected among others. Height over the shoulders 4 feet 10 inches; girth round the heart 7 feet 9 inches; length from base of horn to end of hump, 7 feet 5 inches. I think he might have been fatted to weigh 13 or 1400 lbs. dead weight. A cow 8 years old, of the same breed, was but a trifle inferior in size.

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Red Galloway.—By the above, I mean a deep formed, square, bright red cow, without horns, and of these I have seen as fine specimens on the Jersey marshes opposite the city of New York, said to have been originally imported from Holland, as I believe exist in the world. They were kept here as dairy cows, for the purpose of supplying that city with milk, and had the size, and nearly the perfection of form of a snug short horn, were capital meat well fattened, and rather celebrated as deep milkers. —This breed I look upon as particularly desirable, they never can injure anything by goring, with the horn, and wanting these excresences, it takes away of course just so much offal, and as I think, adds so much the more to their value.—*Kentucky Farmer.*

From the Plough Boy.

MR. EDITOR: If the East India experiment in relation to Cotton, should prove a splendid failure, and turn out to be the greatest humbug of the age, the reasons for curtailing our production, though not so cogent, still address themselves, with great force to every planter who desires to see his profession established upon a solid basis. We will not stop to inquire, whether the arguments for or against the probability of its success preponderate; nor do we regard it a matter of much importance to the Cotton planters of this continent, to go into abstract speculations, about the capacity of the East to drive us ultimately out of the European market; our business is to treat the success of the experiment where placed beyond the possibility of a doubt.

We promised to show that the remedy for overproduction and consequent low prices, was practicable, and we now proceed to redeem the pledge. The whole matter is resolved into the simple question, how is the production of Cotton to be curtailed, and the capital and labor diverted from it, to be more profitably invested?

Let it be taken for granted—as I am sure the proposition cannot be successfully controverted—that half the quantity of Cotton now produced in the United States, supposing the production to be reduced one-half, would yield to the planters as much money as they now realize for the whole; that one-half their capital and labor employed in the production of Cotton, is most improvidently thrown away. How could it be profitably invested? In the first place, in reclaiming exhausted lands, and making substantial improvements.—Secondly, in raising every horse, mule, hog, cow and sheep, necessary for the utmost comfort of the planter. These suggestions are so common place that a stranger to the ruinous system heretofore practiced in the Cotton region, would be apt to discredit any evidence but that of his own sense, going to prove that any people upon the face of the globe, could neglect such cardinal virtues in the wild pursuit of filthy lucre.—But the catalogue is not yet complete. Besides being dependent on Kentucky and Tennessee, for a large proportion of the stock used and consumed, we are tributary to North Carolina for butter, apples and cabbages; to Virginia for tobacco; to the New England States for shoes, hats, negro cloths, butter, cheese, Irish potatoes, pickled beef and pork; to New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia for flour. In this enumeration I have purposely mentioned those articles only, which may as well be raised in the Cotton region, as in the States respectively, from which they are brought to us; and it will be recollected, that for every article purchased from the four first named States, we pay cash instead of produce in exchange; and that the amount of southern produce consumed by the north, is nothing like on equivalent for the amount of northern produce and manufactures consumed by the south.

But the capital to be diverted from the production of Cotton, may be profitably invested in various other ways. Should Cotton take the place of Hemp in the manufacture of bagging, rope, &c., the number of factories should be increased. The planter may devote a part of his skill and capital to making Silk. Our soil and climate are admirably suited to the production of Indigo, and it is the opinion of an excellent writer in one of our sister States, that it might be profitably cultivated. More might be said upon this branch of the subject, but let us see what would be the effect of the course suggested, upon the ultimate prosperity of the country. It would make us an independent people, by throwing us on our own resources. We should form habits of economy, which would free us from debt, and cure the propensity for wild and reckless speculation, by withdrawing the facilities and temptations to its indulgence—a propensity more dangerous to the prosperity of the country, and one which has already been more destructive to its best interest, than all other calamities besides. It is not extravagant to say, that the unparalleled embarrassment and distress, which the country is groaning under, are wholly attributable to it; for although other causes operated to produce the calamitous results complained of, yet they were auxiliaries. The expansion of Bank issues has been one of those auxiliaries, and not the sole inducement to speculation. If the remedy which I have proposed be applied with any reasonable hope of success, it must be applied to all classes; to the Banks as well as to the people; and the effect will be to give us a sound currency—to make economy a cardinal virtue—to make us independent of all foreign supplies of those commodities which we can produce ourselves, and for the purchase of which we have been compelled to pay money, instead of an equivalent in our productions. In short, it will enable us to avail ourselves of the benefits of our position, which benefits have hitherto been pocketed by our sister States. Maintaining as we should the excellent doctrine of free trade, we should encourage it, only on its true principles, those of reciprocal burthens and benefits; otherwise, we shall continue to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to a pampered monied aristocracy, instead of being a people, proud of our institutions, our fields, our flocks, our firesides, and our altars, and nobly aspiring to an imperishable name among the nations of the earth.

ARATOR.

From the Cultivator.

TO MAKE HENS LAY PERPETUALLY.

EDS. CULTIVATOR: I never allow cocks to run with my hens, except when I want to raise chickens. Hens will lay eggs *perpetually*, if treated in the following manner. Keep no roosters; give the hens *fresh meat*, chopped fine like sausage-meat, once a day, a very small portion, say half an ounce a day to each hen, during winter, or from the time insects disappear in the fall, till they appear again in the spring. Never allow any eggs to remain in the nest, for what is called *nest eggs*. When the roosters do not run with the hens, and no nest eggs are left in the nest, the hens will cease laying after the production of twelve or fifteen eggs, as they always do when roosters and nest eggs are allowed; but continue laying perpetually. My hens always lay all winter, and each from seventy-five to one hundred eggs in succession. There being nothing to excite the animal passions, they never attempt to set. If the above plan were generally followed, eggs would be just as plenty in winter as in summer. The only reason why hens do not lay in winter as freely as summer, is the want of *animal food*, which they get in summer in abundance in the form of *insects*. The reason they stop laying and go to setting, after laying a brood of eggs, is the continual excitement of the animal passions by the males.—I have for several winters reduced my theory to practice, and proved its entire correctness. It must be observed that the presence of the male is *not* necessary for the production of eggs, as they are formed whether the male be present or not. Of course such eggs will not produce chickens. When chickens are wanted, the roosters must of course run with the hens.

B.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

The question is often asked, why it is that good coffee cannot be produced in this country? The reason is simply this; coffee is spoiled in the burning, and sufficient care is not taken in preparing it for the table. To make coffee equal to the French is very simple, and very easy, and for the benefit of all good housewives, and all lovers of good coffee, we will state the manner in which it should be done. First, procure the best coffee possible. See that your cook does not *burn* it, but roast it to the color of a golden brown, and never allow it to remain in its burnt or roasted state for more than three days, as after that time it will lose its strength. Secondly, in lieu of the ancient method of *boiling* your coffee for an hour or more over a hot fire, and then being obliged to settle it with such rarities as *fish-skins, egg-shells*, and the like, procure a *biggen*, as it is termed, and make a distillation or decoction by putting the coffee in the apartment in which the strainer is, then turning thereon *boiling hot water*. Take care that the nose of the coffee-pot has a stopper to prevent the steam from escaping, and cover the top of your *biggen* immediately after having turned the water upon the coffee; as it is a most important requisite to have the steam confined. Judgment is also as to the quantity of water to be used. The best coffee may be spoiled by too much water applied to it. The coffee should be made very strong; and if strong enough its color will be quite black. Lastly, having made your coffee of great strength, do not use *hot water* to dilute it, but in lieu thereof, take boiling hot milk and weaken the coffee to your taste. By following these directions you will have as fine a cup of coffee as can be made in any country.

The time required for making coffee in this manner, is but a few minutes, the coffee being made as the liquid issues through the strainer.—*Daily Times.*

We endorse the above without any kind of hesitation. The formula has been long ago adopted in our culinary department, and the result has been such as to give entire satisfaction. Nothing but a reverence for the customs of antiquity could obstruct the progress of patent coffee-pots. Now we have a fondness for old things ourselves, always excepting old eggs and old butter, yet our morning cup of coffee is an item of too much importance to be sacrificed at the shrine of antiquity.

We beg leave to remark, that the addition of boiled milk is altogether a matter of taste. We ourselves prefer to substitute a couple of spoonsful of thick cream.—*Cultivator.*

MISCELLANY.

MRS. JOHN SMITH, JR., OF ARKANSAS;

WHOM IT WAS HARD TO MAKE SCOLD.

A gossipping correspondent of the New York Standard, who writes over the signature of "John Smith, jr., of Arkansas," tells the following story about his better half:

About six years after I had transformed Miss Mary Lopez Smith into Mrs. John Smith, jr., of Arkansas, I got into a habit of going down to Billy Taylor's tavern, in Helena county, and there I'd sit, hour after hour, and play *keards*, as the Vermonters express themselves when they want to talk about card playing, and sometimes got a little wrong in the upper story.

Mrs. John Smith, jr., bore all this pretty well, for a long time; but I could see that my folly and extravagance was a source of anguish to her; and though she'd sit and weep in silence, when she thought I did not see her, she was too proud to complain—loved me too well to tell me that I was an ungrateful fellow, and was driving her to the tomb by my neglect and dissipation. I saw all; knew that I was murdering the wife of my bosom, and yet, for the life of me, I could not conquer my thirst for gambling and conviviality.

A thousand times did I attempt to cut asunder the bands that bound me to a sinful course of folly and madness; and I often prayed to my God, imploring him to invest me with a resolution sufficiently strong to enable me to escape from the slavery of vice and folly. But all was of no avail. At last it occurred to me, that if I could get Mrs. John Smith, jr., waked up to anger and compel her to scold me like a virago, my end would be accomplished, and I should be able to consummate the reformation I panted for in all sincerity. At last I was successful.

Christmas came round, and I flogged all my negroes; gave each of them a suit of new clothes of Oznaburgh, and a shilling all round, by the way of an annual comforter; and away I went down to old Billy Taylor's tavern, to play cards and drink whiskey. I was gone three days and nights, and during the whole of that sad period, Mrs. John Smith, jr., sat by the door of the log-cabin, and sighed and wept for her truant and reckless husband. Her eyes had not been closed one moment. She wept for me and my sins; and when her little infant would turn up its bright eyes, and smiling try to lisp the name of farther, my poor Mrs. John Smith, jr., would fall into all the agonies of mental and physical distraction! "Smile on, sweet babe!" she would say; "smile on, be happy while you may, for the day will soon come when this distracted heart shall burst, and I shall find repose, I hope—not in the embrace of an unfeeling but beloved husband, but in the arms of the God of Abraham. Smile on, sweet innocent! live, love, and be happy; and when I am no more, then—oh then! thy father may learn to love and protect you."

At a late hour of the fourth night of my carousal, I went home, and found Mrs. John Smith up waiting for me. She said nothing but wept most bitterly.

"My love," said I, "I am very sorry you are crying; pray has anything happened to make you unhappy?"

"Mr. Smith," said she, "and is it possible that you can ask such a question? Anything happened, sir! Do you mean to add insult to injury?"

I saw, for the first time in my life, that she had something of a woman's spirit about her, and I rejoiced that there was now a chance to make her scold me. I resolved to improve the golden opportunity. So, assuming a dignified and despotic attitude, I looked at her with all the mock ferocity I could muster, and in a stern voice exclaimed,

"Mrs. John Smith, jr., of Arkansas, do you know, madam, whose log-cabin you occupy? Do you know, madam, that I am lord of this manor, and master over you and your negroes?"

"Mr. John Smith, jr., of Arkansas," she exclaimed in a dignified tone, and with an air of majesty that reminded me of Mrs. Siddons in Catharine of Arragon, "you are unendurable; your conduct, sir, is infamous, and I shall not submit to it any longer; you are a brute, sir; yes, sir, a brute, and I'll complain to your honored father and to my brothers, sir, and I'll see if a remedy cannot be effected."

"My honored father and your brothers may be hanged, madam," I returned; "I'll do as I please, and you, madam, shall submit to it! So take that for your consolation!"

"Mr. Smith," replied Mrs. John jr., "it is idle and unnecessary for us to live as we now do. You supply me bountifully, it is true, with all I want to make my life comfortable; you are kind and affectionate to my children, but sir, you neglect me; and rejecting a wife's love and devotion, spend your days and nights in a filthy pot house, and for aught I know, with bad and abandoned men and women, too, sir. I cannot submit to this gross outrage on my repose and life any longer. Mr. Smith, I must be provided with a separate maintenance."

She was firm and determined I saw, and there was something in her eye that told me that the hour of my repentance had come; and as Sir Harcourt Courtly says, 'my gra-*shus!*' how my heart did palpitate.

"Provide you with a separate maintenance," I stammered out, "in the name of mercy, Mrs. John Smith, jr., of Arkansas, what do you mean, madam! You are not serious?"

"Yes, but I am, though," replied the highly exasperated lady; "I mean what I say, and insist, sir, on its immediate consummation."

If I had been shot, I could not have more suddenly fallen on my knees than I did. I saw that ruin, a shipwrecked heart, blasted hope and eternal disgrace awaited me, and there was no time to be lost in securing a reconciliation.

"My love," said I, "I did but go to the camp-meeting—and did—"

"Don't talk to me about camp-meeting; do not add the sin of falsehood to your vices, Mr. Smith; you, sir, have left me three whole days and nights to suffer all the pangs and pains of a distracted wife, in this wilderness; you have been far more cruel than the beasts of this forest, and I am determined to submit to my wrongs no longer!"

I seized her hand, and prostrate and penitent and heart-stricken, while a flood of whiskey fell from my eyes, ejaculated, "pardon me, Mary, dearest wife; speak not those cruel words again about a separate maintenance, and I pledge my word and honor that never again will I go to Billy Taylor's tavern to play cards or to frolic. I'll quit every vice, join the teetotal society, and sell all my negroes to furnish you with money!"

"And will you be faithful to your promises?" she plaintively whispered. "Will you not suffer yourself to get into bad company again?"

"As I hope for happiness here and hereafter," I replied, "I will keep my promise, and no temptation, no power on earth, shall ever induce me to prove recreant."

Her soft black eye sparkled with joy, though clouded by tears, and as she pressed my hand to her lips, she imprinted it with a burning kiss, and softly ejaculated:

"John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, you are forgiven."

I rose like a man who had been prostrated on the guillotine, but who, whilst he gazed on the suspended knife, and the bloody executioner, expecting to see his head tumble into the basket, the next moment was pardoned, and clasping my Mary to my bosom half suffocated her with kisses!

O, dearest, said I, do as you please; say what you please and I'll never find fault! I then ran to my bed room, seized a pair of buckskin inexpressibles, that I wore when I was a Sergeant in Sir George's army, of the Spanish Main, and handing them to her, exclaimed in the ecstacy of my delight:

"Take them, dearest wife; put them on, wear them, and hang me if you shan't be master hereafter and forever. And if I on any occasion break my word, give them back to me and pronounce me a scoundrel."

She took the inexpressibles; did not put them on, but, from that day to this, has never had an opportunity to return them. Nor will she ever have. Now we are happy—are blessed—have had four little John Smiths, Jr., of Arkansas, at two births, and I wish I had an army of them. No scolding now disturbs us; I go to bed, every night, at 9 o'clock, precisely, drink cold water, do not play cards, but bite my thumb at old Billy Taylor and his log cabin tavern in Helena county, Arkansas and strive to make every body happy. Scolding in my case has been profitable.

From the Posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club.

A TIGHT ELECTION.

"Well Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bed room door, just as he was concluding his toilet, "all alive to-day I suppose?"

"Regular game, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "our people's collecting down at Town Arms and they're a hollowing themselves hoarse already."

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "do they seem devoted to their party, Sam?"

"Never seed such devotion in my life sir."

"Energetic, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Uncommon," replied Sam; "I never see men eat and drink so afore. I wonder they aint afeard o'bustin."

"Thats the mistaken kindness of the gentry here," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Werry likely," replied Sam, briefly.

"Fine, fresh, hearty fellows, they seem," said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window.

"Werry fresh," replied Sam, "me, and the waiters at the Peacock, has been pumpin' over the independent woters at supper there last night."

"Pumping over the independent voters!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes," said his attendant, "every man slept where he fell down, we dragged 'em out, one by one this mornin' and put 'em under the pump, and they're in reg'lar order, now. Shillin' a head the committee paid for that 'ere job."

"Can such a thing be!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"Nothin' at all, sir," replied his attendant.—"The night afore the last day of the election was here, the opposite party bribed the bar-maid at the Town Arms to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen unpolled electors as was a stoppin in the house."

"What do you mean by hocussing the brandy and water?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Puttin laud'num in it," replied Sam. "Blessed if she didn't send em all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over. They took one man up to the booth in a truck fast a sleep by way of experiment, but it was no go—they wouldn't poll him; so they brought him back and put him to bed again,"

"Strange practices these," said Mr. Pickwick, half speaking to himself, and half addressing Sam.

"Not half so strange as a miraculous circumstance as happened to my own father, at election time, in this werry place, sir," replied Sam.

"What was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, he drove a coach down here, once," cried Sam, "'lection time came on, and was engaged by von party to bring down woters from London.—Night afore he was goin to drive up, committee on t'other side sent for him quietly, and away he goes with the messenger, who shows him in—large room—lots of gent'lm'n—heaps of papers, pens and ink, and all that 'eer. "Ah, Mr. Weller," says the gent'lm'n in the chair, "'glad to see you, sir; how are you?" Werry well, thankee, sir; says my father; I hope you'er pretty middlin' says he—"pretty well, thankee, sir," says the gen'lm'n; "sit down, Mr. Weller—pray sit down, sir." So my father sits down, and the gen'lm'n looks werry hard at each other. "You don't remember me!" says the gen'lm'n—"Cant say I do," says my father. "Oh, I know you," says the gen'lm'n, "know'd ye ven you was a boy," says he. "Well I don't remember you," says my father—"that's very odd." says the gen'lm'n—werry, says my father—"you must have a bad memory, Mr. Weller," says the gen'lm'n; "well it is a very bad 'un," says my father—"I thought so," says the gen'lm'n. So then they pours him out a glass o'wine, and gammons him about his driving, and gets him into a reg'lar fine humor, and at last shoves a twenty pound note into his hand.—"It's a werry bad road between this and London," says the gent. "Here and there it's a werry heavy road," says my father—"Well, Mr. Weller," says the gen'lm'n, "you're a werry good whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we know "We're all very fond o' you, Mr. Weller; so in case you *should* have an accident when you're bringing these here woters down, and *should* tip 'em over the canal without hurtin' 'em, this is for yourself," says he. "Gen'lm'n, you're werry kind," says my father, "and I'll drink your health, in another glass of wine," says he, vich he did, and then buttons up the money and bows himself out. "You wouldn't believe, sir," continued Sam, with a look of inexpressible impudence at his master, "that on the werry day as he came down with them woters, his coach *was* upset on that 'eer werry spot, and ev'ry man on 'em was turned into the canal,"

"And got out again?" replied Pickwick, hastily.

"Why," replied Sam, very slowly, "I rather think one old gentleman was missin'; I know his hat was found, but I a'int quite certain whether his head was in it or not—But what I look at, *is tho* hextraordinary, and wonderful coincidence, that arter what the gen'lm'n said, my father's coach should be upset in that werry place, and on that werry day."

A Teetotaler's Sign.—As a newly pledged Washingtonian was passing the Streets, a few weeks since, he was thus hailed by an old Rum companion:

"I say, Tom, they tell me you've become a teetotaler."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I'm proud of it, and wish you would be one, too. I have been a drunkard, a loafer, and almost every thing else, for the last three years; and thank God, it has made me a man again!"

The companion hardly knew what to say to this; at length, he added in a jocular manner,

"Well, Tom, they say you teetotalers have a sign, to know each other by—won't you tell an old crony what it is?" Certainly; we have a most excellent sign, added Tom, pulling out a double handful of half dollars, and shaking them in the face of his former companion, and said, "This is the teetotaler's sign!"

This proved a knock-down argument, and the other promised to sign at the next meeting, for he liked their sign.—*Organ.*

Good Advice to Young Men.—The Editor of the Louisville Journal holds the following language in lecturing to the young men of that city: "If all the young men in any city which can be named, will but devote one half—yea, one fourth of the money which they now expend in mere luxuries, idle pleasures, and pernicious indulgencies, which do them *no* good and *much* harm, to the support of a well regulated *reading establishment*, and spend their leisure hours there, the change would enrich their minds, and add to their happiness, respectability, wealth, and ability to be useful in comig life. There is more virtue in one Magazine than in a dozen boxes of the *best* Spanish cigars, and more to be gained during the long evenings of a single winter, by reading and study, than can be found in theatrical shows and scenes of dissipation in twenty years. The one course leads a young man up to a life of respectability, honor, and usefulness, and enables him to anticipate the coming of grey hairs upon his ruffled brow, with the feelings of one *who has lived not in vain;* while the other soon leads to loss of virtue—loos of character—friends—loss of health—crime—infamy—an early and dishonored grave."

Several farmers near Boston some years since, went on the river a "tom codding," to use the vernacular. Having cut large holes in the ice some ten feet apart, they made preparations for fishing. As one of their number stood over a hole with a bottle of rum at his mouth, his foot slipped and down he went with the bottle in his hand. While his companions stood aghast about the hole, and consulting as to what they should do, the man himself came up out of another hole about twenty feet distant with the bottle in his hand, which he had corked while under the water to prevent the water's getting into it!—*National Eagle.*

We are reminded of a Yankee's account of a fishing and duck hunting excursion with his uncle.—"Uncle Ben took my powder horn to load his gun and I told him he had better use his'n. I made 'sef I was going to snatch mine and the boat kinder started over, and souse went uncle Ben into the river. He didn't come up mighty quick, and so I looked over to see where he was, and won't you believe it, if there warn't uncle Ben a settin' on the bottom of the river, pourin' powder out of my horn into his'n!"—*Barre (Mass.) Gazette.*